Next Month

and later

MAIN STREET IN 1940: SIGOURNEY, IOWA

Dale Kramer

In the nineteen twenties, H. L. Mencken and Sinclair Lewis were the vanguard of the intelligentsia who made Main Street a not very flattering byword in the language. Since that time, our critical and creative pundits have turned to other fields. What has been happening to their Main Street? What, if any, changes have been wrought by depression, Repeal, Roosevelt, radio? Mr. Kramer has taken the little town of Sigourney, Iowa, for a case history and gives a full report.

MY CAREER ON THE WPA

Anonymous

In the millions of printed words that have dealt with the WPA, no story such as this has, to our knowledge, had a place. Today after all the millions of words have been written, published, and read, people still want to know: Are WPA workers loafers? Do they try to get other jobs? Are they ashamed of being on the WPA? Even this author doesn't claim to have written the last word on the subject, but THE FORUM claims he has written something of definite importance.

HOLLYWOOD AND POLITICS

Walter Selden

Motion-picture producers have always shunned most "controversial" topics — politics, the "class struggle," racial problems, etc. — because of a healthy fear of offending some good customers. In the last couple of years, one or two producers have violated this strict neutrality, so to speak, mostly with regard to economic problems, but they haven't violated it very daringly. Some opinion, in particular that of most of our movie critics, holds that this trend is desirable — that the cinema should become an active medium for examination of and argument about the manifold questions that agitate moviegoers. Mr. Selden meditatively considers what might come of this as regards (1) the box office and (2) the maintenance of an intelligent level of public opinion.

F O R U M

and Century

MARCH 1940

The War to End Europe	WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN	97
Inside the "Christian Front"	THEODORE IRWIN	102
I Can't Afford to Be Sick	ANONYMOUS	109
Working While They Learn	ROY A. BENJAMIN, JR.	114
Hawaii Solves Some Farm Problems	JOHN W. VANDERCOOK	118
The Forum Quiz	JO HUBBARD CHAMBERLIN	122
Can New Orleans Come Back?	HAMILTON BASSO	124
The Book Forum		
Experiment and Evaluation	MARY M. COLUM	130
Reviews of the Month	*edited by* ELEANOR VAN ALEN	135
Our Rostrum		142
Suicide Doctor	WELDON MELICK	145
Robert H. Jackson	MARQUIS W. CHILDS	148
The Man Who Was Always a New Dealer		
The Dies Committee. *A Debate*		
I — A Necessary Job, Badly Done	RAYMOND CLAPPER	155
II — Opinion Not Subject to Inquiry	FRANZ BOAS	156
The Theatre	LETA CLEWS CROMWELL	158
The Artist's Point of View	RALPH M. PEARSON	160
Toasts		III
New Life in Old Virginia	STUART WHITE	VI

VOL. CIII—No. 3

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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A WARNING *to men who would like to be independent in the next five years*

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(continued in next column)

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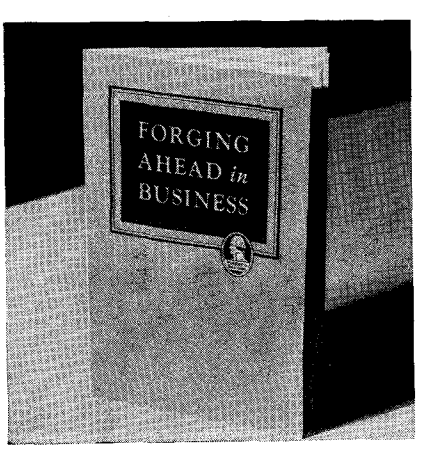

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TOASTS

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN, a veteran foreign observer, is at present in Paris, where he is correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor,* which he formerly represented in Russia and the Far East. He is the author of six published books on Russian and Oriental affairs, and his autobiography, *The Confessions of an Individualist,* will be published this spring.

THEODORE IRWIN is a New Yorker, director of publicity for the American Civil Liberties Union, a former newspaperman, author of two novels, and a contributor to various magazines.

The **ANONYMOUS** author of "I Can't Afford to Be Sick" is the wife of a young businessman. The essential information about her will be found in her article.

ROY A. BENJAMIN, JR., is a native of Florida who studied at the University of Florida and at the Columbia School of Journalism. He has been a reporter and feature writer for the *Jacksonville Journal,* the *New York World-Telegram,* and the United Press. He is now Public Relations Director for the City of Tampa, Florida.

JOHN W. VANDERCOOK has spent much of his life traveling and exploring, almost entirely in the tropics and semitropics, and has written nine books about what he has seen. He remarks that in numerous years among black barbarians he never felt he was in the slightest personal danger; last year, however, traveling in "civilized Europe," he emerged from Germany the day before the invasion of Poland with a grateful sense of having escaped safely.

HAMILTON BASSO, who was born in New Orleans thirty-four years ago and spent most of his life there, now makes his home in Pisgah Forest, North Carolina. He is the author of a biography of General P. G. T. Beauregard and of four novels. The latest of these, *Days Before Lent,* has just been given the Southern Authors Award for 1929 — sharing it jointly with Thomas Wolfe's posthumous *The Web and the Rock.*

WELDON MELICK, of New York and Hollywood, writes for radio, screen, and magazines.

MARQUIS W. CHILDS is Washington correspondent of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch.* In the interval before the present session of Congress started, he spent some time in Mexico, writing a series of articles for his paper which were the cause of his recent dispute with Senator Joseph Guffey.

RAYMOND CLAPPER is a political writer and columnist of the Scripps-Howard newspapers.

FRANZ BOAS, the German-born anthropologist of world-wide reputation, is professor emeritus of Columbia University.

So they say—

I wish to take this opportunity of thanking you and Ralph M. Pearson for "The Artist's Point of View" each month. Such an intelligent, understandable, and progressive philosophy and interpretation of what the creative artist is about these days is much appreciated. This page is doing much to increase the understanding between artist, teacher, and spectator.

CONAN MATHEWS
Head of Dept. of Art
The College of Idaho
Caldwell, Ida.

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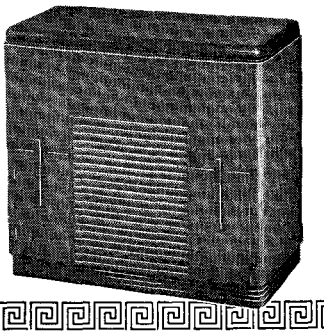

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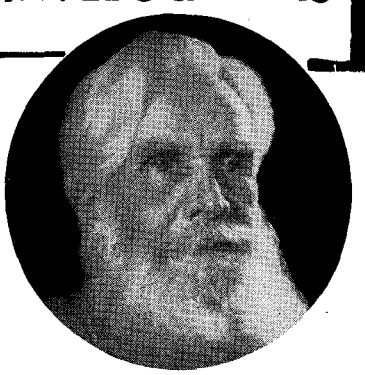

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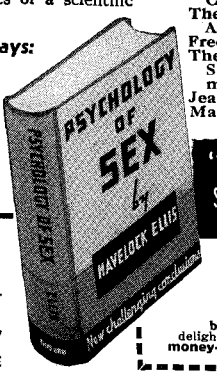

PART OF CONTENTS

The Nature of the Sexual Impulse
The Sexual Zones
The Sexual Impulse in Youth
Masturbation
Frigidity
Impotence
First Intercourse
Secondary Sexual Characters
The "Under-sexed": the "Over-sexed"
Exhibitionism
The Sexual Criminal
Analysis of Courtship
Sadism and Masochism
Woman's Change of Life
The Dangerous Age in Men
Homosexuality
Cruelty and Pain in Relation to Sex
Hermaphroditism
Sexual Abstinence
Sex Intercourse and Health
The Choice of a Mate
Preparation for Marriage
Fertility and Sterility
Divorce
Monogamy; Polygamy
The Nature of Birth Control
The Question of Abortion
Frequency of Coitus
The Sexual Athlete: Satyriasis; Nymphomania
Jealousy
Married Love
Sex Life of Unmarried Adults
Dreams: Their Significance
Sexual Fetishes and Symbols
Sexual Adjustments
Sex Happiness
Age and the Sexual Impulse
The Sexual Impulse and Love
Love Rights of Women: of Men
Esthetics of Coitus
Expression and Repression
Substitutes for Sex
Psychoanalytic Concepts of Sex
Pre-marital Knowledge and Experience
Modesty; Nudism
Childbirth: Sex Life During Pregnancy; Immediately After
Sexual Feeling in Women
Sex Practice in Marriage
Methods and Technique of Coitus
Sexual Pleasure and Conception
Positions in Coitus
Sex Life and Nervous Disorders
Sexual Difficulties
Freud's "Unconscious"; "Libido"
The Art of Love
Glossary of Sexual Terms
Index

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F O R U M

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MARCH, 1940 VOL. CIII, NO. 3

The War to End Europe

by **WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN**

I HAVE NO QUARREL with anti-Fascists when they paint a gloomy picture of what Europe will be in the event of a German victory in the war. As a rationalist and an individualist, I can scarcely conceive of anything more antipathetic to me personally than Hitler's dictatorship, except its equally brutal and less efficient quasi-ally, the communist dictatorship in Russia.

Where I do take issue with the trend of official opinion in Great Britain and France and with a good deal of unofficial opinion in America is in refusing to believe that all will be for the best in a happy world if only Hitler is defeated.

I was talking with an American "interventionist" friend in Paris shortly after the outbreak of the war. He was blithely predicting five or six years of sanguinary struggle, in which he wished America to supply a good deal of the cannon fodder. I suggested that civilization would not last so long.

"To hell with civilization," he said. "We're going to beat Hitler."

With all due respect for my friend, a brilliant and well-known figure in his field, I could not repress my feeling — what a juvenile viewpoint. And how doubly juvenile in the light of the recent experiment in making the former Kaiser the source of all human ills.

Is there any reason to believe that the downfall of Hitler will be any surer pledge of the future peace and security of the world than was the deposition of the Kaiser? Is there not a fair chance that Bertrand Russell may have been right when he suggested that what would come after Hitler in Germany would be as much

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worse than Hitler as Hitler is worse than the Kaiser?

The peace treaty (if there is one) after the end of the present war will be written by men who may have seen their families blown to pieces in air raids. And this will also be true of the leaders of the inevitable movements for social and economic change which will come in the wake of the war. Is it reasonable to expect that the peace treaties of the future will contain more elements of justice, mercy, and enlightened self-interest than that of Versailles or that the new social patterns will be more humane than those of communism and Fascism?

It is a pity that every responsible European statesman could not have been required to read and reread Thucydides' history of the Peloponnesian War. For here, in a narrative at once spirited and admirably objective, one has the picture of the long and terrible battle in which there were no victors and in which the end was the breakdown of Greek civilization. There are amazing parallels between the Greek world, divided into its little city states, in the fifth century, B.C., and the European continent today.

There was the rivalry between the great sea power, Athens, and the great land power, Sparta. There was the same game of power politics, the same series of intrigues and hostile alliances. One can find in Thucydides the same arguments for and against going to the aid of another state that interventionists and isolationists use in America today. And the long war between the groups of Greek states, which was characterized by frequent betrayals and changes of front among the participants, was aggravated and complicated by savage civil conflicts within the belligerent states. It displayed all the familiar features of modern imperialism and ideological fanaticism.

In the end, Greek civilization proved unable to survive the strain of the struggle. Politically and culturally, Greece entered a period of decadence. She could not resist the pressure first of Macedon, later of Rome.

What a fateful and prophetic warning for Europe today. There are several prospective beneficiaries, waiting like vultures around carrion to take advantage of Europe's war to an end that will certainly be bitter for all concerned. The most obvious of these beneficiaries are Japan and the half-Asiatic and wholly barbarous Soviet Union.

Perhaps the most disastrous and permanent result of the war will prove to be the westward expansion of the territorial possessions and influence of the Soviet Union, that implacable enemy of everything individualistic and humanistic in the European cultural tradition. Within a few weeks after the outbreak of the war, some thirteen million unfortunate human beings — Poles, White Russians, and Ukrainians — had been brought under Stalin's rule, while the freedom of several little peasant democracies in the Baltic had been destroyed or gravely threatened.

The Fateful Error

The responsibility before history of the European statesmen who bid against each other for Soviet support is very heavy; it is like that of the Byzantine Greeks who brought the Turks into Europe in the course of their internal brawls. Hitler, of course, is primarily responsible for this ominous penetration of the Soviet legions into the heart of central Europe. But he shares this responsibility with France, the first large country to conclude with the Soviet Union an alliance which the latter violated at the first opportunity. And the Hitler-Stalin mutual-aggression pact of August 24, the subsequent agreement for the partition of Poland, and the other German-Soviet understandings might never have been concluded if it had not been for the ill-advised British and French overtures to Moscow in the spring and summer of 1939.

What a tragic failure of democratic statesmanship that it was left to Stalin to recognize an axiomatic truth which Chamberlain and Daladier missed. This was that the countries who remained aloof from the war or remained on its outer fringes, conserving their military and economic resources, during the first phases, stood the best chance of being the ultimate victors. Coolly, cunningly, foresightedly, Stalin focused his whole tortuous policy on a single objective: the promotion of war between the leading European powers. And, to the lasting misfortune of Europe's civilization, he succeeded. The timing of his pact with Hitler was perfect, from this standpoint.

Why could not Chamberlain and Daladier have realized that the sole hopeful chance of

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preserving a democratic and individualistic order was to keep war out of the civilized part of Europe, to give Hitler every opportunity, even every encouragement, to attack the Soviet Union? Why did they not possess as much elementary statecraft as the Roman and Byzantine emperors, who were always careful to keep the barbarians fighting amongst each other? Instead of this, by throwing themselves on the modern Goths — the Nazis — Great Britain and France simply played the game of the modern Sarmatians, the Soviet communists, who will loom up as a fresh enemy if and when the Goths are disposed of.

It may be objected that there is no assurance that a policy of reckoning on a German-Soviet clash, which would have necessitated that France and Great Britain disinterest themselves in eastern Europe, would have succeeded. But, in retrospect, it would certainly seem to have been worth trying. The Anglo-French guarantee to Poland was of no visible benefit either to the French and British or to the unfortunate Poles. The time to stop Hitler was in 1935 or, at the latest, in 1936. Once the Rhineland had been refortified, France and Great Britain were quite helpless directly to affect the course of events in eastern Europe. It is certainly quite probable that Germany and the Soviet Union would have come into conflict over the Baltic states or even Poland herself if Hitler had not been forced by his preoccupations in the west to yield to Stalin's demands. And, even if the Nazi and Soviet dictators had come to an understanding, the position of Great Britain and France would have been no worse than it is now. The chances are that Great Britain and France are strong enough to defend themselves. The chances are that they are *not* strong enough to oppose a redrawing of the map in eastern Europe on which the two largest continental powers, Germany and the Soviet Union, are agreed.

Dark Days Ahead

Unquestionably, the strongest factor that is sustaining the morale of the French and British peoples at the front and behind the lines is the belief that they are fighting for permanent peace. I know this from personal experience in France, from talks with soldiers at the front and with women and old men in Paris. No doubt it is equally true in England.

The majority of Americans certainly would like to share this faith in a relatively simple and easy way out of Europe's tragic impasse, would like to believe that the overthrow of Hitler would mark the beginning of a period of permanent peace and civilized living. But the probabilities, I am afraid, point overwhelmingly in a contrary direction. After all, the world does not consist of Great Britain, France, and Germany. There are other powers whose action may well be decisive.

What is the prospect that the western allies will face if, after three years (to take the official British estimate of the probable duration of the war), they succeed in crushing Germany? Millions of men will have been killed and wounded. Thousands of ships will have been sunk. Scores of once beautiful cities and towns will have been visited by death and destruction from the air. But it will be a sword, not peace, that the war-weary peoples will find at the end of this Via Dolorosa.

For Stalin, whose early acquisitions offer only a slight foretaste of his ultimate ambitions, will then be able to step in with a fresh army and all the poison gas of his propaganda. Contemptibly ineffective in normal times, communist propaganda, as experience has shown, operates most powerfully on the masses when they have been driven almost to hysteria by the sufferings of war.

The original British and French war objective, the restoration of Poland, obviously cannot be realized unless the Soviet Union, as well as Germany, is beaten. It will not be merely a question of the eastern provinces of Poland, which have already been seized (to the familiar Bolshevik accompaniment of the murder of large numbers of people marked out by culture, breeding, and religious faith). As soon as Germany is seriously weakened, long before armies could march across Germany to impose a settlement on eastern Europe, Stalin will be able to take over the whole of Poland and much more in the Balkans besides.

Germany herself, to avoid another and sterner Versailles, might well go communist; Hitler has already brought her a good part of the way there. The specter which confronted the victorious powers in 1918 and 1919, when revolution and counterrevolution fought for mastery in Germany, would become a reality. Great Britain and France, strained to the uttermost,

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would then find themselves confronted by a huge hostile land mass, stretching from the Rhine to the Pacific. And this time Russia would not be the broken, chaotic country of 1918 and 1919, torn by civil war and unable to act outside her own frontiers.

No, all the indications are against any simple, happy ending of the present war. Europe faces the prospect of an indefinite cycle of wars and revolutions, each perhaps more senseless than the one which preceded it, each dragging civilization to a lower level. The fatal vicious circle is already clear to anyone with eyes to see. The World War spawned communism and Fascism. Fascism and communism in their turn have brought on the Second World War.

It was perhaps the insight of the former teacher of history, Edouard Daladier, that inspired the prediction in his letter to Hitler that barbarism and destruction would be the surest results of another war. What a tragic irony that the Premier should have felt obliged to call on his countrymen to give their lives with such a gloomy final prospect in view.

Pathetic Illusions

During the World War there were two possibilities which afforded some hope that the lives laid down in such scenes of carnage as Verdun and the Somme might not have been lost in vain.

There was the hope, voiced by Wilson, of a community of nations which might lay the basis of a new world order, without hostile alliances and balance-of-power politics, where war could be eliminated. It was indeed a noble ideal.

But the history of the last two decades has been the record of its complete frustration. The impotence to which the League of Nations had been reduced was eloquently reflected in the fact that, when war actually broke out, no one troubled to ask what the League thought about it.

One may dispute as to the causes of this failure in international co-operation. One may blame American abstention or the character of the Versailles treaty or French unwillingness to trust Germany or German untrustworthiness or Japanese and Italian violence. The fundamental causes, I think, lie deeper. They are linked up with the general decline of European civilization which had set in before the World War. An analysis of this decline would lie outside the sphere of this paper.

The other idea which, before the end of the World War, may have seemed to hold out some prospect of a pacific, civilized international order was that of socialism. As some people found an immediate devil, responsible for the World War, in the Kaiser, others found it in the capitalist system. By putting together some of the facts about imperialism, the struggle for markets, the profits of munitions makers, it was easy to construct a theory that capitalism, the system of production for private property, was responsible for war. Destroy capitalism, and war would cease.

It seemed as simple as this to Lenin, who may dispute with Hitler the right to be considered the greatest revolutionary of our age. Because he and his associates (honest men, with a few unimportant exceptions — the breed of Stalinite robots had not yet appeared) believed with consuming passion that the capitalist system had generated the unprecedented slaughter of the World War, the cruelties of their own anticapitalist revolution were transfigured and justified in their eyes.

But the whole record of the Soviet Union — her attempt to conquer Poland in 1920; her more successful effort to share with Hitler the spoils of that unhappy country in 1939; her bloodless conquest, in the best Hitler technique, of the lesser Baltic states; her brutal assault on Finland; her smashing of independent Georgia; her conquest of Outer Mongolia, to mention only a few instances of Soviet aggression — completely refutes the idea that a socialist economic order is any guaranty against an imperialistic foreign policy. Indeed it was just in those countries where "capitalism," or economic individualism, enjoys freest play that sentiment for peace proved strongest in the years which immediately preceded the outbreak of the Second World War.

Every attempt to realize the socialist ideal has proved a failure, measured by any rational or humane standard of values. In Russia, where the experiment went furthest, the failure has been a catastrophe. Its most conspicuous results have been two great famines, the creation of a vast system of serf labor under subhuman living conditions, the establishment of a regime of systematic terrorism unmatched

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either under Czarism or the Fascist states, and the final evolution of a revolutionary dictatorship into an irresponsible personal despotism, quite devoid of any ideological basis.

A Great Civilization Dying

This is an age of cynical nihilism, of frustration of all ideals.

The two strongest postwar ideologies were communism and Fascism. And each of these betrayed its own professed principles, in the name of which so much blood had been shed, when Berlin and Moscow concluded their deal at the expense of Poland. In the light of this pact Hitlerism and Stalinism stand exposed as completely opportunist dictatorships, animated only by lust for power and plunder and divorced from *any* social and economic ideas, even from perverted and mistaken ones. The communist and Nazi regimes now appear as devoid of any coherent, consistent body of principles as were the predatory Goths and Vandals, with whom, indeed, they possess disconcertingly many traits in common.

What a dismal series of triumphs of fanaticism, ignorance, and brutality over reason, culture, and humanity Europe has witnessed during the last two decades. What an irony this lends to the last sentence in the autobiography of Henry Adams, who lived in what seems, in retrospect, such a safe, sheltered, civilized epoch of world history:

> Perhaps some day — say 1938, — their centenary* they might be allowed to return together for a holiday, to see the mistakes of their own lives made clear in the light of the mistakes of their successors; and perhaps then, for the first time since man began his education among the carnivores, they would find a world that sensitive and timid natures could regard without a shudder.

Nineteen thirty-eight. Without a shudder. Japanese airplanes bombing from one end of China to the other. Spain in the last throes of savage civil war. Nazis overrunning two small civilized states. The endless martyrdom of German Jews and of Russians of all classes who fall under Stalin's displeasure. The Holy Land of three religions torn with the feud of Arab and Jew. And the crowning disaster of 1939 constantly coming closer.

It is high time to put aside any hopeful illusions. The civilization of modern Europe, like many great civilizations before it, is in an unmistakable process of deterioration and decay, symbolized in an ever growing cult of violence in international and internal disputes, a violence that becomes increasingly unmotivated. Far from arresting this trend, the present war can only greatly accelerate it. Nothing brings a democratic country to dictatorial conditions so swiftly as a state of war. Censorship, suspension of normal freedom of discussion, installation of industrial and financial controls very similar to those of the totalitarian states — these things are much easier to introduce and to perfect than they are to withdraw.

If one takes the long view, the only correct perspective from which to survey major historical developments, one is struck by the similarities between contemporary Europe and the Greece of Thucydides. And the judgment which history has passed on Greece will also probably hold good for Europe. No one now cares about the blue books, white books, yellow books, and other apologia which Athens and Sparta may have issued to prove themselves in the right. No one worries overmuch as to who was the aggressor at Potidaea or whether the commons or the nobles at Corcyra had the better case. What is important is that a great civilization tore itself to pieces in a long agony of war and revolution. It is in such an agony, with only short deceptive respites, that Europe has been since 1914. And during that period of twenty-five years there has been no creative saving idea in thought, in politics, in economics. The great changes have all been for the worse.

One cannot expect peoples in the belligerent countries to regard the war without some anodyne of illusion. But it is important, I think, that Americans should recognize clearly what they will be letting themselves in for if they should ever change the present popular determination not to become involved in the European conflict. Here is no simple struggle of forces of light against forces of darkness, with a new American overseas crusade promising a happy ending for all concerned. In committing itself to active intervention in European affairs America would be entering an infernal cycle of war and revolution, the duration of which is uncertain, the future scope and forms of which are unpredictable.

* *Adams was imagining the return to earth of himself and two old friends, who had also been born in 1838.*

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Inside the 'Christian Front'

by **THEODORE IRWIN**

FORTY-EIGHT HOURS after bombs exploded in two of London's largest railway stations one day last summer, police picked up a "Liam Walsh" for questioning. A Dublin terrorist, he was identified as the mysterious "man with a slouch" present at the scene of one of the explosions. Strangely enough, Liam Walsh's name reached Scotland Yard in a cable from the British consulate in New York. The consul, in turn, had received his information from a little group of men digging for the roots of the savage anti-Semitic movement in New York known as the Christian Front. The reference to Walsh was first picked up by undercover agents in a message to Christian Front headquarters in New York from the Ministry of Propaganda in Berlin.

Five months later, the Federal Bureau of Investigation pounced on seventeen members of a Christian Front "inner circle" and uncovered a fantastic little *Putsch*. Using Irish Republican Army techniques (down to similar methods of manufacturing explosives) this little group was accused of planning to bomb selected buildings, seize public utilities, blast bridges, terrorize Jews, appropriate Federal Reserve gold, assassinate fourteen Congressmen, and set up a dictatorship. These "Fronters," almost half of whom were active or former members of the National Guard or other branches of the armed forces, were about to undergo a practice course in bombing. Among them were several natives of Ireland and Germany, a Nazi propagandist, and the national leader of the Christian Front.

Berlin — Dublin — New York. Considerably more than these symptoms point to international seats of infection for a festering boil on the neck of the nation — the most widely ramified hate movement since the ugliest days of the Ku Klux Klan. In New York, where it reached the most advanced stage, the new anti-Semitism has been a domestic storm-troop mob running amuck, spewing racial hatred, fomenting violence, staging street scenes never before witnessed in the city's history. Composed chiefly of admirers of Charles E. Coughlin and sundry hoodlums, crackpots, misguided patriots, and Bundsters, the Christian Front and its shenanigans have taken on startling resemblances to early Naziism.

At its fountainhead, New Yorkers for more than a year have been subjected each week to an average of forty or fifty turbulent and vituperative Christian Front street meetings, at which crowds have been exhorted to liquidate the Jews in America. Bands of rowdies have roamed subways and streets insulting and assaulting Semitic-appearing men and women; abusive stickers have been slapped on windows of Jewish shops; a "Christian Index" has been compiled for an organized boycott; and brawls have ended in close to 250 arrests and 120 convictions. Men were recruited for a private army. Unfriendly radio stations and sponsoring Jewish merchants were raucously picketed. Affection for Hitler and his policies was outspoken. Christian Front propaganda penetrated even the public schools, and several Jewish children were severely beaten by small-fry Streichers.

While outside New York what is known as the Christian Front is wholly a membership setup, perhaps affiliated with or screened by State Social Justice clubs and superpatriotic bodies, at headquarters it also serves the more ominous function of a loosely knit coalition acting for a score or more groups openly Fascist in sympathies. Circuit rabble rousers, as well as *Social Justice* — the Coughlin organ — boasted that by the end of 1940 Christian Front membership would reach five million. New York alone, it is estimated, now has some 12,000 rabid followers of the faith. Whatever its actual strength, the Front manifestly developed as the spearhead of the most un-

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healthy anti-Semitic drive this country has seen.

Full-blown in New York, the movement more recently has sprouted in key cities throughout the nation. Organization meetings of the Front, scheduled for the fall in many cities, became "neutrality" rallies when the arms-embargo issue arose. While "Keep Out of War" seemed to be the keynote, veiled references to "a certain racial group" began to creep into speeches, leading finally to outright attacks on "Jewish war mongers." Most of these huge gatherings in city auditoriums featured the Royal Oak oracle delivering his stereotyped direct-by-telephone harangue. Anti-Semitic poison of the "Protocols of Zion" brand was brazenly sold at rallies. But in several cities attempts to hand out literature attacking Coughlinism were obstructed by "Fronters," sometimes with bloodshed. Police clearly showed partiality to distributors of *Social Justice*. Rioting, however, outside New York City has been minor.

II

Invasion of New England proceeded under cover of a Committee for Defense of Constitutional Rights, organized in Boston over a year ago by Francis P. Moran, former insurance agent and a staunch apostle of the Royal Oak padre. Although metropolitan Boston is 85-per-cent Catholic, progress was retarded chiefly because Cardinal O'Connell is known to be cool to Coughlin. Nevertheless, the Christian Front felt strong enough last September to come out in the open in Boston with Moran as kingpin. Since then, units of the Front have been formed in Arlington, Ayer, Belmont, Springfield, and Worcester, Massachusetts, and Pawtucket, Rhode Island. Last December, *Social Justice* reported that "in Worcester and Springfield plans are under way for the organization of riflemen's groups in units of 100 men each."

The big gun was fired in Boston on September 8, as six thousand people from various parts of Massachusetts and Rhode Island jammed Boston Arena to hear the Master's voice piped in. It was announced as a neutrality meeting, under the auspices of the Committee for Constitutional Rights, and no overt attack on Jews was made at the time. However, John F. Cassidy, young New York gas-company clerk, appeared on the platform, and was introduced to the audience as National Director of the Christian Front. Moran, presiding, announced: "This is not a Christian Front meeting. But, if you are interested in the Christian Front, as I am, come to Room 204 at the Copley Plaza."

Two weeks later, Fronters picketed Ford Hall, where Justice Felix Frankfurter was receiving a medal for meritorious citizenship. But the first frankly anti-Semitic note at a public meeting was sounded on October 22 at an assemblage of the Frontist "American Mothers Neutrality League." Moran, as master of ceremonies, pulled the "menace of communism" into his embargo speech and followed with a left hook at "Jewish leaders." Two days later, at a mass meeting, Moran and Cassidy made their anti-Semitic position definite. Singularly vicious attacks were made on Einstein and ex-Justice Brandeis. But Boston witnessed no such bloody clashes as New York's "Kill the Jew!" street scenes.

Philadelphia, on the other hand, is not far behind New York. Christian Front gatherings in the Quaker City, sometimes under the auspices of a Committee for Constitutional Rights or an Anti-Communism Society, inspired almost as much violence. Street fights were not uncommon. Synagogue windows were smashed, and members of Jewish men's clubs beaten. The West Philadelphia and Kensington sections particularly have been terrorized, swamped with anti-Semitic propaganda. A religious tolerance meeting at a Y.M.C.A. was stormed, and ended with thirteen arrests. These arrests were followed by a leaflet barrage alleging "Jewish persecution of innocent Christians." Threats were made to bomb the "Y" building unless a scheduled meeting of a women's peace league was canceled. Station WDAS, because it refused to carry Coughlin's broadcast, was picketed every Sunday for over a year. While the Front did not conduct outdoor soapbox harangues, a number of secret conclaves were held each week, and three huge mass meetings were staged during the year. Not long ago, an airplane showered the city with anti-Semitic leaflets. For a time, Fronters engaged in secret rifle practice.

The Philadelphia branch of the Front was set up in July. Coughlin delivered a direct-by-wire diatribe to a rally of six thousand people, and, soon after, *Social Justice* heralded the

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founding of branches in West Philadelphia, Mount Airy, Germantown, the Chesters, and Camden, New Jersey. As in New York's Harlem, an anti-Semitic movement among Philadelphia's Negroes has been fostered by the Front.

In Pittsburgh, another Front stronghold, Jewish shop windows have been defaced by scurrilous slogans, and several merchants assaulted. Frequent meetings of the United Christian Front were held at a leading hotel, and a massing of forces in September brought out a contingent from the American Legion. At one of the Front meetings, it was decided to oppose the local showing of the film, *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*. A few days later a brick was hurled through the glass door of the theatre in question.

Shocking to the nation, last June, was the brutal branding of a high-school boy in Baltimore by a gang of his fellow students who started out to rid the campus of Jews. An attack on a Jewish girl student at another Baltimore school was less publicized. Parents of some of the assailants were known to be associated with pro-Nazi organizations. Four days after the attack, Gerald Winrod, a noted anti-Semite in Wichita, Kansas, delivered an anti-Semitic discourse at an open-air meeting place in Baltimore. Clearly the outgrowth of an anti-Semitic drive in Baltimore, the branding was significant.

Operating behind the façade of a Friends and Neighbors League, the Baltimore Front's chief functions are the distribution of *Social Justice* (in Washington, as well as Baltimore) and the dissemination of propaganda opposing employment of Jewish refugees. Many of the League's members are German. At a recent meeting of the League, one of its officers who had just returned from a visit to the Shrine reported that Coughlin expressed the wish that the Christian Front be established "for men only" and that the women form an auxiliary organization. The move is necessary, Coughlin is said to have explained, because to combat communism strong-arm methods are needed.

Coughlinites in Washington work through the National Gentile League, the creation of Donald Shea. Dedicated to a United Gentile Action Front for Gentile Supremacy, its chief occupation, so far, is to distribute widely the anti-Semitic speeches of Congressmen like Thorkelson of Montana. At some newsstands, anti-Semitic broadsides are slipped into newspapers. Crackpot meetings have been held in Franklin Park on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, where copies of *Social Justice* are peddled. But the movement in Washington has apparently fizzled.

III

MOVING WESTWARD, Coughlinites staged their mightiest mobilization of the year in Cleveland on September 28, when more than 17,000 people choked both halls of the city auditorium, packed a theatre nearby, and overflowed into the street. The drawing card was the Great One in the flesh, greeted on his arrival with a valise full of coins and bills collected from the audience. Archbishop Joseph Schrembs, announced as the chairman, decided to stay away when he learned of the deeper implications of the meeting. To refute the charge that the Social Justice clubs were not in good standing with ecclesiastic authority, Dr. Edward Lodge Curran, of Brooklyn, President of the International Catholic Truth Society, recited the permission of his own superior, Bishop Molloy, and the expressed approval of Archbishop M. J. Curley of Baltimore; in St. Louis, said Curran, Archbishop Glennon had named three clergymen of the diocese to be moderators of Social Justice clubs. Cleveland's police, it became evident, were friendly to the movement. While peddling of anti-Semitic literature (as well as auto-license-plate attachments bearing a Coughlin slogan) was permitted, distributors of rival handbills and magazines were pushed around, and one was hustled away in a patrol wagon.

Unquestionably because of the public condemnation of Coughlin by the late Cardinal Mundelein, the movement has been slow to get a foothold in Chicago. A Front unit does exist there, however. Early in December a plane flew over Chicago's North Side, letting loose a shower of anti-Semitic leaflets; similar leaflets, reading, "Christian Vigilantes Arise! Boycott the Movies!" appeared months ago on the west coast.

The St. Louis unit of the Front held at least six mass meetings in recent months, each attracting from 1,000 to 4,500 disciples. A Silver Shirt pamphlet titled "Dupes of Judah," the "Protocols," and a variety of other nonsense

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were prominently displayed at the rear of the meeting halls or sold outside. At the largest of the rallies, held in the St. Louis University gymnasium, hundreds of Fronters from Illinois descended in busloads. The preaching of race hatred, it should be pointed out, was denounced by the Dean of St. Louis University (a Jesuit college) and by Bishop Winkleman.

Techniques of slander have been notably unscrupulous in Minneapolis. Crudely forged handbills bearing the name of a local Jewish organization and addressed exclusively to Jews, recently inundated the city. They appeared to summon Jews to seize all industry and business in the United States, to ply gentiles with liquor in order "to further demoralize the Christian youth of America," and to "make ourselves the masters and rulers of the world." It was no accident that placed the handbills chiefly in the hands of non-Jews.

At a Minnesota Christian Front rally in St. Paul, on October 21, over eight thousand people came to hear an hour of Coughlin. Master of ceremonies was Sheriff Thomas J. Gibbon. Policemen and deputy sheriffs outside kept twelve girls distributing an opposition paper away from the auditorium. From the platform it was announced that, if handed a copy of this paper, a loyal disciple should knock down the distributor.

In other sections of the country, the Christian Front or one or more of its affiliates has taken root. Throughout the Southwest, the current of anti-Semitism is flowing freely among the two million people of Mexican origin who read Franco-inspired Spanish-language newspapers. In Denver, while the turnout at Christian Front meetings is as yet small, the Fronters make themselves felt by upsetting displays in Jewish stores, promoting boycotts, and badgering Jewish employees in non-Jewish shops. Atlantic City and Miami have strong Coughlinite chapters. From a dozen cities come reports, such as one from Terre Haute, Indiana, that windows of Jewish shops have been smeared with defamatory slogans. In the farm belt and on the Pacific Coast, the Front is still to get into serious action. But California, fertile field for scores of racketeering "patriots," seems to be ready for it. During the hearing in the Harry Bridges case, Dean Landis and attorneys on both sides received a flock of letters denouncing Jews—though the Jewish question was nowhere involved. Los Angeles followers of Coughlin banded together under the "Actioneers," but publicity rendered the organization ineffectual.

IV

LABORATORY of the Christian Front has been New York, where the racial melting pot, the Bund headquarters, and other factors combine to make an ideal hotbed of anti-Semitism. A glance at its origin, development, and the current manifestations there hint at what other cities may expect if the movement is not aborted.

Creation of a more or less militant organization was urged by Coughlin in the midst of his campaign opposing the lifting of the arms embargo against republican Spain in the spring of 1938. Calling on his clan to get together in "platoons," he wrote in *Social Justice*:

> Let your organization be composed of no more than 25 members. After a few contacts with these 25 persons you will observe that two of them may be capable of organizing 25 more. Invite these capable people to do that very thing.

Three months later, the first secret meetings of the Front were held in the rectory of a Catholic church in mid-Manhattan. Its mentor was a priest who controlled the local distribution of *Social Justice*. The signal for the mass attack, however, did not come until December, 1938, when Station WMCA dared refuse to put a Coughlin speech on the air unless the station was accorded the customary privilege of seeing the script in advance. Five thousand shouting, pushing, frenzied men, women, and children were then mustered into a picket line outside the WMCA building, and the rumpus was staged Sunday after Sunday for thirty-six successive weeks. It took the outbreak of war in Europe to curb it.

Out of the picketing arose an epidemic of street meetings, the screaming of anti-Semitic slogans to accompany the hawking of *Social Justice*, and other offensives. By the end of July, *Social Justice* was proclaiming that "UNITS OF MILITANT CHRISTIAN FRONT ARE BEING FORMED IN THE MIDDLE WEST."

Coughlin has now modified his first disavowal of connection with the organization (made shortly after the January raid on the

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alleged plotters) to the extent of calling himself a "friend of the accused." The self-styled "troublesome priest," in *Social Justice* and in his broadcasts, has called for the formation of "platoons" and for "the Franco way." An editorial asked: "What are we waiting for — the revolution? Let's go!" In a Philadelphia speech, Coughlin declared that "The Christian Front is not a debating society; it is an action society. . . . God bless Mr. Cassidy and the Christian Front!" As late as January, 1940, an appeal for broadcast funds in *Social Justice* stated that "Father Coughlin is only the spokesman for a rapidly forming and tremendously powerful element of our country — the Christian Front."

V

HITLER DREW to his movement people from the lower middle class and the unorganized ragtag and bobtail — the frustrated, the fanatic, the gullible, the opportunists. The Fronters are basically the same in composition, down to the neighborhood hooligans, the unemployed longshoremen, the politically disgruntled. Dominant are the young toughs and the elderly bigots, Irish Catholics and Nazi sympathizers.

Dress up some of the more ebullient units in brown uniforms, and they would be barely distinguishable from the SS corps. Apostles have enlisted recruits over eighteen "to go out into the streets and fight for their Christian ideals." Joseph Ellesbury McWilliams, leader of a Front offshoot, "revealed" that the Constitution permits citizens to bear firearms and invited his listeners to join "a fighting organization whose members would defend themselves with fists — and, if that's not enough, with other weapons." At one meeting, it was announced that "out in Queens we are organizing an army of ten thousand men." Christian Front membership blanks ask for the applicant's military record. Young proselytes were urged to join the Sports Club, to be trained in the use of leaded walking sticks. It was members of this Sports Club whom the F.B.I. arrested for seditious conspiracy.

The little *Führers* of the cause, each of whom commands his own peanut brigade, hardly represent the respectable citizenry. It may be recalled that certain of the Nazi headmen once "did stretches" in prison or insane asylums.

In New York's Christian Front, the record of Edwin Westphal reveals that he was found guilty of burglary and has spent eight months in a reformatory and five months in a hospital for the mentally insane. A Christian Mobilizer leader, Edmund Vincent Burke, served eight months in jail for robbery. Allen Zoll, originator of the WMCA picketing idea, was recently indicted by a grand jury for extortion, charged with having demanded $7,500 from WMCA's president in return for arranging to disperse the picket line! The new Captain of the Christian Mobilizers Guard, John J. Olivo, served a penitentiary term for rape. A subway-circuit speaker known as Panama Bill is a former strikebreaker. Joseph Hartery, another Mobilizer fugleman, did thirty days in the workhouse for procuring. In the background of several Philadelphia Fronters, larceny figures prominently. The criminal roster can be extended.

The slightly less disreputable figures in the movement, obviously in it for profit, are simply attempting to sell anti-Semitism instead of something like a corn cure. All have an eye out for an angel who might subsidize them. Some are as frank as McWilliams, the former truckman, hosiery salesman, and inventor, who testified in court that "my occupation is trying to save America."

Although each of the constituent organizations in New York endeavors to assert its individuality, it is the co-ordinating Christian Front which schedules the meetings, rounds up the crowds, prepares the literature. An interlocking group of spellbinders and the exchange of periodicals and pamphlets further tie the groups together. Veiling the true strength of the unholy alliance, the creation of a variety of organizations — most of them doomed to be short-lived — sets up diversified media for attracting customers.

Here is the lineup:

The Social Justice Distributors Club, Christian Order of Coughlinites, and Crusaders for Social Justice, composed of vendors and febrile disciples, form the core of the Front.

Professional patriots, including the Crusaders for Americanism, the Flying Squads for Americanism, the American Nationalists, the Protestant War Veterans, the Committee for Defense of Constitutional Rights, and similar aggregations are on the racket and lunatic fringe.

The Greater New York Committee for Christian Action was created a few months ago to promote the Christian Index boycott. Also pushing the boycott are the Christian American League, the Christian Mer-

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chants and Consumers League, the German-American Business League, and the Christian Phalanx.

The American Brotherhood of Christians Congress was formed to sell stock in a proposed radio station in Jersey City to provide Coughlin with a broadcast outlet in the New York area.

The Christian Labor Front and the Christian Workers Alliance try to penetrate trade unions and unemployed groups.

Miscellaneous groups such as the Christian Minutemen, Christian Vigilante Front (strong-arm men), Christian Pioneers, Christian Congress, Christian Defenders (street speakers), and Christian Defense League (lawyers), are tiny units.

The Christian Mobilizers, most militant and vicious of all, were organized early last July as a fund-collecting and boycott agency. After two months, they split off, though still using Front facilities. Commander in chief of the Mobilizers, dapper Joe McWilliams, attended the Klan convention in Atlanta in September, and was promptly elected to the National Supreme Council.

The German-American Bund, which wildly cheers Coughlin's name and sells Social Justice *at its own meetings, supplies organizing talent, stumpers, audiences, and material for Christian Front literature.*

Evidence of ties between the Bund and elements of the Christian Front is ample. In a letter to the *Deutsche Weckruf*, Zoll thanked Fritz Kuhn for his aid in arranging the WMCA picketing. At the largest mass meeting held by the Mobilizers, Kuhn shared the platform with McWilliams and George Deatherage, Southern rabble rouser. Bund troopers formed a "guard of honor," and many in the audience gave the Nazi salute as McWilliams mounted the platform. Posters advertised a Bund picnic the following Sunday. Kuhn declaimed:

> I am proud to be here and show through my presence and through the presence of Bund members that the German-American Bund stands shoulder to shoulder with the Christian Mobilizers.

At his curbstone meetings, McWilliams bellows: "America can never be without a leader as long as there is a copy of *Mein Kampf!*" It soon became apparent, in fact, that — with the American Nazis falling more and more into disrepute since the war began and particularly in view of Kuhn's imprisonment and wholesale resignations of Bund members — the Mobilizers and the Front were taking over many of the functions and activities of the Bund. Many Bund members were absorbed by "American" and "Christian" groups in the Front.

VI

TECHNIQUES of heating up the atmosphere have gone through a process of evolution. Until the mass picketing was banned, the Fronters marched along screaming, "This is a Christian country! All Jews are Communists!" When a whistle blew, they broke ranks to mill up and down the street or through subway trains. Squads of *Social Justice* salesmen — sometimes fifty on one street — meanwhile peddled the sheet, shouting inflammatory exhortations.

Until the F.B.I. raid, similar tactics were used at the soapbox convocations in neighborhoods where Jews and Christians lived peaceably side by side for generations. Attendance ranged from a few hundred to two or three thousand, always including a number of "floaters" to "preserve order."

Speakers at rallies have the skill and intensity of a Holy Roller with a shot in the arm. They begin by denouncing communism, then identify communists with Jews, who are also maligned as "international bankers" and "war mongers." City, State and federal administrations, unfriendly members of the Dies Committee, the press, and the radio are all assailed as Jew-controlled. Borrowing many phrases from Goebbels, the soapboxers refer to the President as "Rosenfelt" or, more intimately, "Rosie." Often a meeting ends with a pledge of allegiance to the American flag — and the Nazi salute.

If you had made a tour of Christian Front assemblages in New York in recent months, you would have been subjected to exhortations such as these:

> I am not content to walk in the footsteps of Christ. I want to walk ahead of him with a club.
>
> If this country gets into this war, we'll start a revolution and put machine guns on every corner in the city.
>
> Get rid of your timidity. If we can find no other way, we may have to do it as Father Coughlin suggested, under a Franco.
>
> You must learn to hate war mongers like Roosevelt . . . I propose to buy a lot of telephone poles and hang the war makers to them.
>
> We must hate! We must get the youth aroused!

Even the most polite heckling at a meeting or a mild protest at the language used by *Social Justice* vendors has led to brutal fistfights. When one man tried to question a statement by a Front orator, police took him into "protective custody" after strong-arm men mobbed him. A girl who interrupted a speaker was thrown to the ground and trampled upon. Hundreds of such incidents have

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occurred. Youths selling opposition literature were slugged, and several were arrested merely for displaying placards quoting the late Cardinal Mundelein and the Pope in their disapproval of anti-Semitism.

Throughout this period, New York's police on the whole behaved with restraint — at first, with overzealous restraint. Although for a while there was evidence that many policemen were discriminating in favor of the Front, the mayor and police commissioner have now brought about some degree of impartiality. It must be remembered that, of the 19,000 members of the force, 12,000 are Irish Catholics. One cop boasted that there are six thousand policemen enrolled in the Front. Three hundred, including one lieutenant, would be nearer the truth, although early reports on the questionnaire distributed to members of the Department by Commissioner Valentine seemed to indicate that several thousand had been members at one time or another.

An important plank in the Front platform, the boycott of Jews, has taken on serious proportions. Crowds at meetings are urged to sign a pledge to "Buy Christian." Three editions of the Christian Index, cataloguing acceptable merchants, have been published; readers are solemnly assured that "Christ himself sponsored this little leaflet." The latest edition covers 125 pages. Boycott stickers are pasted on auto windshields, Jewish shop windows, and correspondence. Trucks bearing posters reading "Buy Christian during Christmas" invaded the streets.

VII

WHO FINANCES the movement? Plainly, membership dues of ten or twenty-five cents a week and passing of the hat at meetings could hardly support the Front. "Storm troopers" and pickets have to be paid off.

Cash flows indirectly from various "patriotic" organizations. Their known contributors, in New York, include the wife of an important industrialist, two Wall Street brokers, several well-known physicians, a wealthy jeweler, a prominent member of the D.A.R. The big money, if any, is anti-New Deal. Other angels of the movement have turned from their former interest in noble red baiting to realistic street rowdyism.

With the presidential-election campaign approaching, the men behind the Front have their eye on it. Until recently, haranguers in New York were confident that the Front would elect a "Christian" mayor, governor and president. Candidates were to run on a frankly "Buy Christian" platform.

While J. Edgar Hoover's melodramatic arrest of the seventeen charged with conspiracy and the attendant condemnation of the movement in the nation's press has undoubtedly dealt the Front a paralyzing body blow, it can hardly be considered a knockout. Coughlin's frenzied Sunday broadcasts continued until the mysterious (at this writing) announcement of February 4. In New York, meetings are still held nightly — 1,500 were present at a Bronx meeting less than a week after the F.B.I. raid, and 3,000 attended a Brooklyn rally for the seventeen prisoners. With the winter lull over, the movement is already gaining momentum for a fresh spring drive. Like the recurring Ku Klux Klan, the Christian Front seems destined to stay for a while.

For it is clear that, despite its obstreperous tactics, its sly or open espousal of Naziism and Fascism, and the frightening off of many potential converts, the movement was making headway throughout the nation. In the first months of its activity, the timidity of city officials toward it — obviously in fear of alienating a great block of Catholic votes — undoubtedly encouraged the venom peddlers. Of greatest aid to the Front is the absence of a disapproving word from official, authoritative spokesmen of the Catholic Church.

Let the Catholic hierarchy in our cities speak out bluntly against the mongers of anti-Semitism, and it may strike the death blow to the Front. Decisive police enforcement of existing laws against incitement to riot and disturbing the peace would help speed its interment. To dig up the roots, there must be positive education in racial and religious problems, a relentless exposure of the Front's kinship with Fascist-inclined forces, and, more basically, the reclamation of the social and economic bankrupts who flock to the movement for salvation. Without the execution of an adequate counteroffensive, what has thus far been little more than an outrageous public scandal may conceivably turn into an impressive threat to our democracy.

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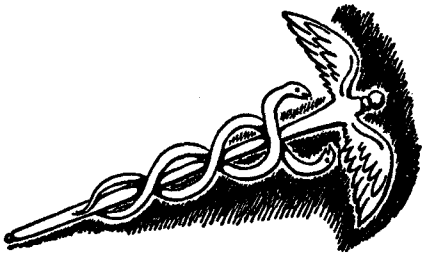
I Can't Afford to Be Sick



ANONYMOUS

I CAN'T AFFORD to be sick, although a spokesman for the American Medical Association says that adequate medical care is available for everyone in this country, no matter how poor. The depression and the fact that my husband has been in a hospital for a year have forced me to test the truth of that statement on a large scale.

For the last ten years my husband has been with an investment-trust company, first as salesman and then as sales manager. In October of 1929, his earnings touched the high point of $1,100 for the month. In September, 1930, our bank failed, and from that time on the investment business outran every other business trying to get to the bottom of the hill first. It had outstripped all competitors by the fall of 1933, which was when we discovered that the baby for which we had waited thirteen years was on the way.

I had long been one of the stubbornest sterility cases of an obstetrician who has since achieved national fame. He received the news of my annunciation with feelings less mixed than ours. He had merely to deliver the baby. We had to pay for it.

We had for months been living largely on credit and on the general belief that the depression could not last much longer. During the winter of 1932–33, we were at times even pressed for carfare. In March came the bank holiday, and for some months after that our only income was derived from deferred payments which trickled in. The baby was expected in June. I feel sure that the dreadful strain under which I labored during the months of waiting must have been evident to my doctor.

After the bank holiday, my husband went to the doctor and told him that he had no idea how he was going to meet the expense which seemed to be bearing down on us with the pitilessness of a tidal wave. Our doctor replied that a Caesarean delivery would be necessary and that it was his job to see that there were two live people when it was over. He went serenely ahead with his plans for me to have a private room at seven dollars a day and a special nurse at forty-five dollars a week, plus ten dollars board. We had been told that his fee would be the minimum of $250. Hospital costs came to about $250, and on the day I left the hospital my handsome engagement ring was sold, for a fraction of its value, to pay the bill.

When my baby was not quite two, the unbelievable happened, and I found that I was to have another. We were quite as anxious for a second child as for the first, but we could not see how we were to finance the second Caesarean which we knew there must be.

I was aware that poor people went to maternity clinics at hospitals, and were delivered for nothing. I knew nothing about clinics and did not try to find out because I was fairly certain that I should again have to spend months in bed with phlebitis. I did not see then and do not see now how a clinic would have solved the problem of a person physically unable to reach it. I was also aware that the second Caesarean in two and a half years for a woman of forty was a very serious matter.

Finally I went to a young doctor who had taken his maternity work under my specialist and laid my cards on the table. He said that he had never performed a Caesarean alone but that he felt sure the chief obstetrician of the hospital where he was then practicing would help him. He said his fee would be one hundred dollars. He told me I could get a semiprivate room for five dollars a day. He assured me that

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the nursing care would be good and that I could manage without a special nurse.

With my heart in my mouth, I accepted this solution. The depression was still very much with us and my husband was on a twenty-five-dollar-a-week drawing account. I had been forced into promising to pay almost two months' income for the delivery of my baby.

I lived through that Caesarean, I am convinced, because of the presence of the older assisting surgeon. I practically bled to death, owing to lack of speed. The postoperative care was so poor that I suffered the tortures of the damned. I had a minimum of nursing care, because the nursing staff did not respect my young doctor or care to please him. Before my stitches were out, my doctor hung over my bed and told me that his rent was unpaid, his automobile tires worn out, and his child's school tuition due. Added to all that, my baby, after circumcision, had a dreadful infection which necessitated the constant attendance of a pediatrician for the first two months of his life and affected his feeding and training until he was at least a year old. I had paid an exorbitant price for impecunious inexperience.

Adventure in Dentistry

The year 1936 found us with two children and with the clouds of the depression only partially dispersed. Medical care for all of us was our most acute worry. I was quite willing to pocket my pride and use public clinics if by so doing I could banish the bugaboo of doctors' bills.

My husband and I had been in serious need of dental attention. I was lying awake nights thinking of all the troubles which infected teeth could cause. I had learned that the dental school of our neighboring university had a clinic in which carefully supervised work was done by students at a minimum charge. I went to the clinic.

I sat a while on one of a number of wooden benches, along with a motley crowd of patients, both colored and white. In the examining room, a student looked over my teeth and said that they required five fillings and an extraction. A young instructor checked his findings and agreed with him. However, I had the temerity to demur about the extraction. The student and the instructor conferred, and the latter finally said, "Well, send her up to Dr. Strunk's class and see what he thinks."

Dr. Strunk asked whether the tooth had been X-rayed, and I replied that it had not. Dr. Strunk gathered his students around the dental chair and pointed out that pulling the tooth in question would ruin the bite on that side of my mouth. "Would you," he asked the class, "want anyone to pull a tooth for you under such circumstances without taking an X ray?" The class agreed with one voice that it would not.

Dr. Strunk sent me to the X-ray department with instructions that the picture was to be developed and brought to him at once. When it was delivered, the class unanimously agreed again that the tooth should not be pulled.

By the time it had been decided that I was to keep the tooth, the afternoon was over. I made another appointment to have the fillings done.

Now I was assigned to a student who worked in a huge laboratory filled with nearly a hundred dental chairs. As each small section of my work was completed, my student was required to signal for an instructor. We then waited until the instructor finished what he was doing and got round to us.

My student finished one tooth and said that his laboratory period was up. He made another appointment with me and also told me that, when my work was done, I should have to return several times to let him do some charting of my mouth in return for his services.

On my way home, I estimated that I was going to make four or five more trips to the clinic, each time paying thirty-five cents in carfare and a dollar-forty to the woman who stayed with my children. X rays at the clinic were fifty cents per picture, and fillings were seventy-five cents to a dollar. It was clear that it would be cheaper for me to go to my own dentist at night when my husband could stay home with the babies.

A Minor Triumph

When my newest baby was six months old, I was attacked by a distressing eye condition. I knew that a visit to my oculist would mean a five-dollar fee and an expensive prescription. But we have a famous eye hospital in our city with whose clinics I was familiar because I had in the past sent two colored

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maids to them. I called this hospital and found that the clinic fee would be fifty cents, if I could prove that I was eligible for clinic service.

I reported, as directed, at twelve-thirty, only to find that the clinic did not open until two. The staff, it seemed, liked to get patients registered well in advance.

After the doctors arrived, I engaged in conversation with a woman who sat beside me. She told me that she had come a number of times before, that often she came at twelve-thirty and did not get through until five.

This piece of information spurred me to action. I went up to the secretary who was calling out names from registration cards. I asked, "Is there anything you can do to call me soon? I must get back to my baby." She said, "I'll see."

In a few minutes my name was called, and I went up to the examining chair. An efficient doctor made a brisk examination, said I had pinkeye, and wrote a prescription for me. This I had filled at the pharmacy in the lobby of the hospital for forty-five cents instead of the dollar it would have cost at a drugstore.

A good clinic, I reflected, is not so bad if you have absolutely limitless time at your disposal, and can gain favorable attention by being different from the rest of the crowd.

In the Children's Ward

At eight months, my baby developed an abscessed ear. My pediatrician, who so kindly makes a house call for me for two dollars, summoned a specialist to open the ear. I knew that this doctor's charge for a house visit was ten dollars. When the ear continued to give trouble, I was frantic at the thought of the expense.

The pediatrician offered to make arrangements to put the baby in a ward at a children's hospital for one dollar a day. In a ward, all medical and surgical attention is free. The drawback to the plan was that I should not be allowed to see the baby unless he were critically ill. Nevertheless, I grasped at this solution.

For almost three weeks my little baby was very ill, with only strange faces around him. I went to the hospital and gave blood for a transfusion without getting a glimpse of him.

I suppose they were good to him according to hospital standards. His father and I will never forget how twisted our hearts were when he was returned to us looking like a little whipped puppy. At three he still screams at sight of the pediatrician who saw him every day in the hospital and whom my older son adores. We had had service which was practically free, plus restrictions which were absolutely inhuman, as any mother can see.

Bureaucracy

In January, 1938, my husband began to have trouble with his feet which we thought was fallen arches. Still possessed with the idea that clinics might be the answer, I persuaded him to go to the orthopedic clinic at a downtown hospital near his office. Here the social worker in charge of outpatients was friendly and interested from the start. Nevertheless it was necessary for my husband to wait two hours for his turn with the doctors and to take the entire afternoon off from work on clinic days.

The orthopedic department discovered at once that the trouble was arthritis, and the medical department took up the search for causes. After two visits, the doctors on the service were changed. The new doctors decided that they would begin at the beginning and take the history all over again. On the fourth visit, after my husband had waited for two hours, it was found that his records had been lost. They were not found, either.

We saw now that we were getting nowhere with this clinic and we called in a doctor who had been highly recommended to us. He took in the gravity of the situation at a glance and strongly advised us, unless we had a thousand dollars available immediately, to go to the clinic of a famous arthritis specialist at a suburban hospital.

I corralled an introduction to the charming girl who is secretary to the director of this hospital. I called on and talked to her and secured her wholehearted interest in us and our problem. Because of her friendly intervention, my husband was treated with a consideration which was in no way paid for by the fifty-cent clinic fee.

My husband was very ill but was still trying to work. On two and sometimes three mornings a week, he left for the hospital by streetcar at nine and got downtown at two in the afternoon. We had been told that arthritis could not be treated without the facilities of a hospital. The

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clinic doctors wanted him to rest but did not explain how anyone could rest and attend a clinic twelve miles away. I made every effort to have the hospital admit him as a ward patient. I was told that the ward space was very limited and that my husband was not necessarily a bed case.

With all the aid which education and good standing in the community could give us, we found clinics totally unsatisfactory. The physical effort of getting to them is a severe strain on the sick. Attending them constitutes a full-time job. They cannot care for anyone too ill to reach them, and there is no comparable agency which gives home care to the sick.

My husband went to the arthritis clinic for three months and grew steadily worse. I realized that he must be in a hospital and finally thought of the Veterans' Bureau. Authorities there assured me that they could and would send him to the nearby naval hospital. Thus began our experiment with state medicine as it already exists in this country.

Our initial contact with the naval hospital led me to think rather wistfully of a state of society in which it would be as easy to register for medical and surgical care as to enroll one's child in the neighborhood public school. We found the naval hospital run with a courtesy and efficiency, with a detailed attention to the convenience and happiness of the men, which it would be hard to improve on. It had its rules to be sure, but I did not find them unreasonable or irksome. My relations with the doctors and nurses were as friendly as they had ever been with doctors and nurses anywhere. From the point of view of human relationships, state medicine as exemplified by the naval hospital held nothing to be feared or disliked.

We found the naval hospital practically perfect in plant and in laboratory equipment. It took us many months to realize the unfortunate fact that no one really understood just when the expensive equipment ought to be used.

Naval doctors are chosen by competitive examinations from the cream of the country's medical schools. Once in the navy, all chance for serious study and for specialization ceases. Doctors are shifted from service to service, from station to station, and are rarely allowed to stick at anything longer than three months. Just let a navy doctor think he is beginning to get a grasp on arthritis, and he is at sea on an oil tanker.

My husband walked into the naval hospital an ambulatory arthritic case. At the end of nine months in its wards, he is a badly crippled bed case. State medicine as represented by the service hospitals fails because it does not give its doctors the opportunity and incentive to specialize intensively. It does not even provide for the transfer of difficult cases from hospital to hospital. Until I solve the financial problem involved, my husband's fate rests with a few doctors at the naval hospital who frankly admit that they have used their whole bag of tricks.

Doctors I Can and Can't Afford

This summer I shall go back to college to start work for my master's degree. At forty-three I am faced with the necessity of fitting myself to support two small children and an invalid.

Among my problems the medical one looms largest and most terrifying. There will have to be routine care of eyes and teeth for four. I know that a good pediatrician can keep my children in vibrant health. Likewise I know that any income I can earn will be severely taxed to pay for the many doctors' visits needed to keep the boys well and to cure them of all the youthful ailments we must expect them to acquire.

I have been told that both children should have their tonsils out in the fall. I have three alternatives.

First, I could put my boys in the ward of the children's hospital at not more than three dollars a day apiece. I should take my chances on the operations' being performed by an inexperienced intern. I should bid my sons good-by in the receiving ward and thereafter should not know whether, sick and frightened, they were being kindly handled. I should run the risk of being called in to find that my boys had died of hemorrhage, as did the healthy little girl of a friend of mine.

As second choice, the hospital would give me a special rate of $37.50 for each tonsillectomy, which sum would include the services of a surgeon on the staff and the use of a private room overnight. That would mean a seventy-five-dollar bill for a woman struggling alone to support a family.

My own specialist would give me a price of

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fifty dollars each for the operations, and I could, for twenty-five dollars, join a "hospitalization" plan — something I have not been able to do so far.

Considering my alternatives, I am inclined to think I will have to take my chances on diseased tonsils.

The other afternoon, frantic screams at nap time from my older son's room sent me racing upstairs. He had been smelling a piece of mothball and had sniffed it up his nose.

This is the sort of emergency with the children which frightens me to death when my supply of cash is low. "Three dollars for a visit to a specialist," I thought. Three dollars are almost two weeks' milk bill. They are my laundress' wages for a week. They are the cost of getting to the hospital to see my husband twice.

I decided to try the accident ward of our nearest hospital, and a friend's car was pressed into service. At the hospital, the intern who answered the emergency call said not a word to me or to the frightened small boy. For why should one be pleasant and reassuring to free patients?

My son begged, "Don't put tweezers up my nose."

"You put the mothball up there. Suppose you let me decide how to get it out," was the forbidding answer.

Groping with forceps began. Tears rolled down the small face. My child cried, "You're hurting me!"

The interne flung himself off his stool, said roughly to the nurse, "Put him on the table and hold him down."

He departed in search of another instrument, and my son cried, "He's a terrible doctor, Mother!"

I agreed with him entirely. In my estimation, any doctor who does not consider the physical and mental distress of his patient is a terrible doctor.

The intern returned with a wire instrument with a hook on the end. Remorseless probing began again in dead silence. Never once the sentence, so reassuring, "If I hurt you, you tell me, and I'll stop." Nor did the intern stop, even when my son screamed, "Mother, Mother! He's hurting me terribly, Mother! Can't you stop him, Mother?"

"Please stop," I said. "I'll take him to Dr. R" — the prominent nose-and-throat specialist to whom we had always gone.

That stayed the intern's hand. He said, "That's what you ought to have done in the first place."

"Certainly it was," I replied, "except that I didn't have the money."

At that he began to probe again, and I to protest. Suddenly the mothball appeared at the edge of the nostril.

As I dried my son's eyes, the intern said, in uneasy self-vindication, "It didn't hurt as much as he thought. You see, his nose is not even bleeding."

I did not answer. I thought, "Young man, you will learn patience and sympathy only when you are able to charge a fat fee. I'd hate to run up against you in a system of state medicine."

On the drive home, I looked at my child's white face and his swollen eyes. I thought of all the medical emergencies which he and I should have to meet somehow in the years ahead of us. I prayed "Oh, God, protect him from doctors I can't afford to pay."

My experience casts a white light on the problem of state or group medical care. I see clearly that the most important thing is to preserve, somehow, the principle of competition for the patient's favor. The doctor who can deliver the goods professionally and personally must get the business as he does now. His confreres who are starving now must continue to starve, in the best interest of society.

I offer no solution to this problem. I am sure that any satisfactory solution must be the result of trials and errors. I merely conclude, from my own inescapable needs and my unsuccessful efforts to meet them, that some plan for radically reducing the high cost of getting well and staying well should be diligently sought.

In an early issue:
'My Husband Went Blind,'
by Katherine Winders Wheeler

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Working While They Learn

by **ROY A. BENJAMIN, JR.**

PEOPLE OFTEN THINK of the South as backward, poverty-stricken, and more productive of problems than of solutions. Yet out of the South and its poverty has come a human experiment which may in time enrich the whole nation. Southerners call it "co-op training," a community program for fitting high-school graduates into the world of work.

"Co-op training" (officially known as "co-operative part-time programs in diversified occupations") is a happy marriage of our school system with the long-lost tradition of apprenticeship. In 250 communities of the South, high-school boys and girls of the junior and senior classes spend their mornings in the classroom and their afternoons working, under careful supervision, in machine shops, grocery stores, doctors' offices, business concerns. For this work the employers pay them, and the schools give them credit toward diplomas. By the time they graduate, after two years as "student workers," they know what they want to do and what work they are fitted for. Wherever this program has been put in operation, businessmen and labor leaders heartily approve of it; teachers find in their pupils a new zest for study; and the youngsters are practically assured of jobs when they leave school.

In 1933, two Southerners, appalled by the floundering attempts of high-school graduates to find places for themselves in our depressed economy, put their heads together. One of them was C. E. Rakestraw, Southern Regional Agent for the United States Office of Education; the other, Robert D. Dolley, then Director of Vocational Training in Jacksonville, Florida. They saw academic high schools giving college-preparatory courses to boys and girls of whom few ever went to college at all; they saw how quickly students trained only in book learning were stranded in communities which needed capable young plumbers, printers, stenographers, and sales clerks; they saw these graduates, unguided and untrained, become conscripts in the army of despair. They knew that trade schools were no answer — Southern towns could not afford them; in smaller places there was not enough demand for any one trade to warrant teaching it in class. The leanness of Southern budgets forced them to an unorthodox solution: why not bridge the gap between school and jobs by using the entire community as a work laboratory while the youngsters were still in school?

So Rakestraw and Dolley drew up a low-cost program, which would bridge this gap with the help of facilities already at hand, and applied it to Jacksonville. Dolley made a thorough survey of the city's occupations and called on innumerable employers, to explain the plan and ask for their co-operation. An architect, an insurance agent, a plumber agreed to co-operate; the railroad shops promised to try student workers as pipe fitters, machinists, and car repairmen; the broadcasting company took a boy; a dentist hired a girl as a learner assistant. Others gradually came into line; during the Jacksonville program's first year there were twenty-six student workers. Now there are five thousand, white and Negro, in twelve Southern States.

A VERSATILE MAN'S JOB

BUSINESSMEN normally take little interest in education — until the tax bill prompts them to grumble at its cost. And schools have little contact with businessmen — except as orators on graduation day. But, in communities that boast of co-op training programs, these two strangers can be found teamed and working in harness together, thanks to the skill and diplomacy of a new profession, that of "co-ordinator." Here is a useful and versatile citizen, about whom we shall all hear much more, as co-op training spreads over the country. Where the program has been set up, its

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details and its success are in the co-ordinator's hands. Half practical teacher, half school-minded businessman, he must also have in his make-up more than a dash of matchmaker, parent, personnel director, live-wire public-relations counsel, handshaking Rotarian, roving Dr. Gallup, and sympathetic Dorothy Dix.

Let us watch one of these co-ordinators at work in a typical Southern town. There are twenty high-school juniors and seniors under his wing now as student workers, and there will be many more next year. So he must know this town thoroughly and be continually scouting, planning, persuading, interviewing.

In the course of a morning's work this co-ordinator calls on the chamber of commerce, to verify rumors that a new bottling plant is to be started and to look into its employment opportunities for his high-school charges. He talks a doctor into hiring a girl who will send out his bills and take care of his records in the afternoon. He takes a student and his parents to inspect a dry-cleaning plant. He glances at the local "want" ads. He interviews the owner of a paper mill who has promised to take on a boy. Together they map out a program for several months in advance, so that the lad will shift from department to department, learn as much about the business as he can, find what kind of work suits him best. If this boy tries hard and still doesn't like the work, then at least he has discovered, years ahead of most high-school boys, what he does *not* want to do — which is quite as valuable as learning his positive likes.

Toward the end of the morning when the student learners have finished their regular work in biology, English, or history, the co-ordinator goes to the school and supervises the "related" studies, the studying they must do in connection with their apprentice jobs. Each of the twenty must be kept up to the mark with frequent tests, and no two tests are alike — just as no two boys or girls, no two jobs or employers are ever alike. A "must" assignment is a history of the business the student learner is working in, with a statement of its policy and full, frank comments. The co-ordinator assigns special reading, guides research in such diverse crafts as barbering, soldering, sign painting, insurance, printing, dentistry, meat cutting, upholstery, and undertaking. He digs up requested books and trade magazines, for young minds suddenly become very hungry at contact with reality. He conducts clinical classwork in the crucial but neglected art of job finding and putting one's best foot forward before a prospective employer.

In the afternoon the boys and girls scatter all over town to their jobs. The co-ordinator checks on them frequently. He looks up Tony M, whom he finds in the darkroom of one of the town's photographers. Tony would like the co-ordinator to get him a good book on color photography, but otherwise he is happy in his work — so happy that he is a little vague about how much the boss is paying him. He thinks it's seven dollars a week, which includes Saturdays. The co-ordinator checks to make sure there's not even the shadow of exploitation.

So carefully are the student learners supervised that exploitation, hardly ever occurs. The youngsters are paid according to the amounts they contribute. Wages generally range from about three dollars a week up to nine dollars — much better than pocket money for high-school seniors in small towns.

Employers of student learners must meet all labor laws in regard to wages, hours, and compensation insurance. Those in interstate commerce must pay the minimum wage of thirty cents an hour under federal law. In time there may be some exemptions for co-op training, but the Department of Labor has not yet made a definite ruling.

Organized labor, which might have objected, approves of the program. The co-ordinators' zeal makes abuses almost impossible. Labor councils are satisfied; labor leaders are co-operating on the program's advisory committees; the A. F. of L. has given its sanction.

Passing of the Old Order

Now comes a conference with Elmer J. When he enrolled as a student learner, Elmer wasn't sure what he would like to do. His father, a mill hand, wanted Elmer to have a white-collar job in an office. Elmer decided to try newspaper work, which he had heard was "romantic." The co-ordinator found that Elmer's grades in English gave small promise of aptitude, but Elmer insisted, and for two days was allowed to watch a newspaper from the inside. Now here is Elmer back again, convinced at last that reporting is not for him. He would like to try a machine shop.

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So the co-ordinator is off again, on one of his hardest and commonest errands: persuading a parent to abandon one of the most obstinate of American ambitions, to stop following the white-collar will-o'-the-wisp and let his son find the work that suits him. Patiently the co-ordinator explains to Elmer's father that only one third of the nation's employed are in white-collar fields, that famous executives often rise through the ranks, that skilled workers are in greater demand and much better paid than clerks whose white collars wilt, whose hair grows gray filing carbon copies year after year.

The tussle with Elmer's father reminds the co-ordinator of arguments with the principal of his school, who thinks that co-op training breaks up the school schedule and encourages a materialistic standard. This principal, like most teachers, has given his own life to book learning and wants to see as many of his pupils as possible walk in the professional or academic groves. From the first grade on, students are given the impression that not to go to college means failure or mediocrity. So schools have neglected the needs of the 80 per cent who don't go to college. The co-ordinator silences the principal by reminding him that 40 per cent of all college students in the South drop out after the first year.

And, in addition to all this, the co-ordinator must write an article on the reactions to the program of the co-operating businessmen; make out a report for the Office of Education in Washington (for Uncle Sam puts up half the money, localities the other half); explain co-op training to the women's club; and forever and without ceasing check up on his graduates and drop in on his students at home to make sure that student learning isn't harmful to their health and happiness.

The co-ordinator's job, obviously, is not an easy one. It contains a little of everything except routine. There are 350 co-ordinators now at work, mostly men under forty, more often recruited from the ranks of business than from teaching. More are needed but are not easy to find. A co-ordinator, besides being a natural teacher and a lover of every sort of human problem, must be a Jack — or Jill — of all trades, with three years' experience as a wage earner in at least two occupations or skilled trades.

Many co-ordinators have been trained at the excellent summer-school sessions of Colorado State College, at Fort Collins. Recently, because the overwhelming majority of co-op programs are in the South, the University of Florida School of Trade and Industrial Education was organized at Daytona Beach. Last summer 450 co-ordinators and vocational instructors attended its courses, tackling problems that are an old story in the field of business but challengingly new in the academic world. When the courses end, the co-ordinators return to their exciting jobs — a handful of men to the North, the bulk of them to Southern communities both large and small; to Birmingham or Sylacauga, Alabama; to Dallas or Pampa, Texas; to Richmond or Galex, Virginia.

Opening New Doors

The record of co-op training in getting its graduates full-time jobs is remarkable — all the more remarkable when contrasted with the dismal experience of most high-school graduates. Of the forty boys and girls who graduated under the program from a typical school last June, only one was unemployed. Of the seven hundred who have trained in Jacksonville during the past six years, over 90 per cent have jobs or are in college. Of 196 student-learner graduates from 23 Alabama towns, 85 are still working where they were trained; 64 have jobs in the same general field of work; 7 have different work; 23 are continuing their education; and only 17 are unemployed or "unaccounted for."

Businessmen who have employed these apprentices welcome them as full-time workers. Seven of the fifteen accountants of a motor-bus line were former co-op students. A department store which employs twelve girl co-op students every year, entrusting them with large amounts of cash during the Christmas rush, keeps three quarters of them as regular employees. Says the manager of an airport where four co-op students are working as ground-crew learners: "A national air line, always short of capable mechanics, employs these fellows just as quickly as I can train them." A lawyer was astonished that his co-op secretary was so much better at taking dictation in legal terminology than the average secretary. Explanation: unlike the average secretary, she has been drilled every morning during "related" study hours in the words

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she was likely to get. Said the vice president of an insurance company: "I hate to admit it, but that high-school kid knows more about this firm than most of the regular employees."

Through employing student learners, businessmen have come to appreciate the intelligent service the school and the co-ordinator are giving and have gained a new interest in education. One of them, until he employed a student, had always thought of high school as preparation for "country club" colleges. A bank president, for long a stubborn objector to increases in school appropriations, is delighted to discover that these seventeen-year-olds have a practical outlook which his own generation did not acquire until the age of twenty-five.

A welcome result of the program, to teachers, is that the students themselves are showing a new enthusiasm for their lessons. When half their time is spent in the world of work, they take the other half much more seriously. Habits of accuracy and concentration learned in the serious atmosphere of office or factory carry over into the classroom. And the co-op boys and girls apply themselves to books with a new sense of reality and responsibility. They plan their work, budget their time, make the most of their opportunities. Marks go up; dull scholars suddenly forge ahead. One boy, who had never topped "C" in three years, became a consistent honor student when he took co-op training.

With these students, the problem of school discipline largely disappears. A co-ordinator can leave the room where co-op boys and girls are doing research in printing or baking or merchandising, with the certainty that there will be no outburst of roughhousing and spitballs once his back is turned.

And co-op students are too busy for the out-of-school escapades which land some high-school boys in the hands of the law. To a very common type of healthy, active, but not book-minded boy, the usual school curriculum is unutterably dull; the school walls are unbearably confining. Not to teach such boys a trade until they get into a reformatory is a greater crime than the crimes most of them are punished for. Co-op training has proved, over and over again, how easily the interest and energies of such boys are absorbed by simultaneously studying and working at radio, electricity, auto repair. Here is a sure way to shave down the taxpayer's law-enforcement bills. Of the seven hundred young people turned out by the Jacksonville program, not one has ever come up for delinquency, either adult or juvenile.

Looking Forward

THOUGH PECULIARLY SUITED to the South, co-op training will in time be of immense benefit to the countless American communities which are not justified in supporting trade schools. And its methods of not training for jobs until the jobs are in sight could well be adapted to our present trade schools and vocational courses.

In Northern cities, far too many young people are trained for work which they must seek for months or years after they graduate. Staffs of specialized teachers, roomfuls of expensive equipment are so inflexible that year after year vocational schools spew forth batches of bookkeepers, flocks of young radio experts who can never be absorbed by business. The average trade school knows too little of the employment conditions in its community. That is why a course in carpentry turns twenty-five young carpenters loose on a community which has openings for only three, why a dozen young auto mechanics graduate into a landscape decorated by the pumps of a solitary filling station. Too many youngsters are at loose ends because they have been trained as square pegs in towns where the only available holes are round.

The co-op program is so simple, so sensible, and so effective that it is strange no one thought of it many years ago. We Americans are masters of mechanical engineering but strangely slow and blind in matters of human engineering. We span incredibly deep canyons and wide rivers, but for this obvious, modest bridge between the world of work and the world of school we have forced our young people to wait a long, long time. But the day will come when these obvious, inexpensive bridges between the world of school and the world of work will be set up the country over; when the co-ordinator will be as well known as the mayor or the chief of police — and more valuable than either; when co-op training will be an opportunity prized and striven for by the several million boys and girls from sixteen to nineteen who cannot go to college and who ought not even if they want to.

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Hawaii Solves Some Farm Problems

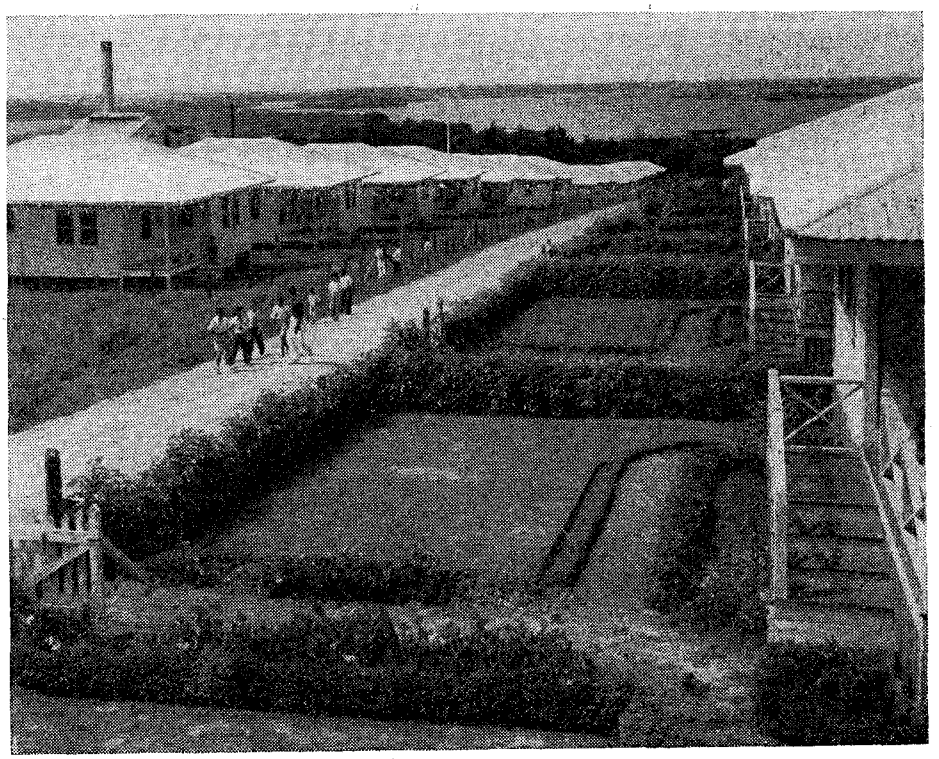
by **JOHN W. VANDERCOOK**

FARM WORKERS are America's classic economic orphans. They have been expected to be on hand in unlimited numbers when there was a need for them, then conveniently to vanish when the need passed. Few have troubled to inquire how they lodged, how they fared, or what they were paid. Government, farmers, trade unionists, and common citizens have all recognized the peculiar difficulties of the problem — and uniformly have done little to overcome them.

In the Hawaiian islands, almost uniquely, farm workers' needs have been attentively considered, their situation materially improved. Wages paid to agricultural workers in the great Hawaiian sugar industry are today higher than the average paid farm laborers in any other part of the United States. An eight-hour day is in force, and there is no child labor. Sugar farm hands and their families are housed free and receive medical care of a high order. Jobs are astonishingly safe. There were no layoffs during either depression or "recession." Work is provided for everyone on an Hawaiian sugar-farm payroll, fifty-two weeks a year.

None of this has come about as a result of conscious philanthropy. The American sugar farmers in Hawaii have been, quite simply, practical.

American pioneer settlers began the commercial planting of sugar cane in the Hawaiian Islands a little more than a century ago. The venture was hedged with difficulties. The islands lie close to the northern limits of the tropics, so that, though the sun is steady, it lacks the intense force which characterizes it in the best of the world's sugar regions. In few districts is there sufficiently heavy rainfall for sugar growing, and only a very small percentage of the total area of the archipelago has naturally rich soil. Almost none of the land is level. Sugar cane, it was known, would grow. But, to make it grow profitably, everything had to be devised. Water was needed; men



Plantation Village

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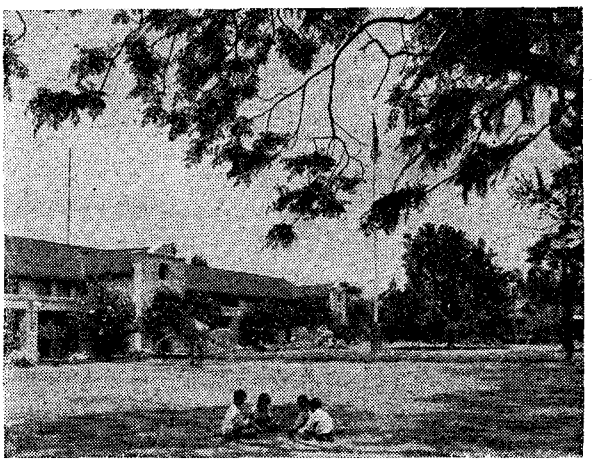
were needed; new methods of all sorts had to be invented.

A habit of ingenuity became firmly fixed. Elaborate projects were undertaken to bring billions of gallons of water down from remote mountain valleys for the irrigation of desert wastes. Since there was so little land, all of it had to be kept steadily productive. Habituated to new and knotty problems, the sugar farmers at last tackled that of labor. Remarkably, they tackled it together.

II

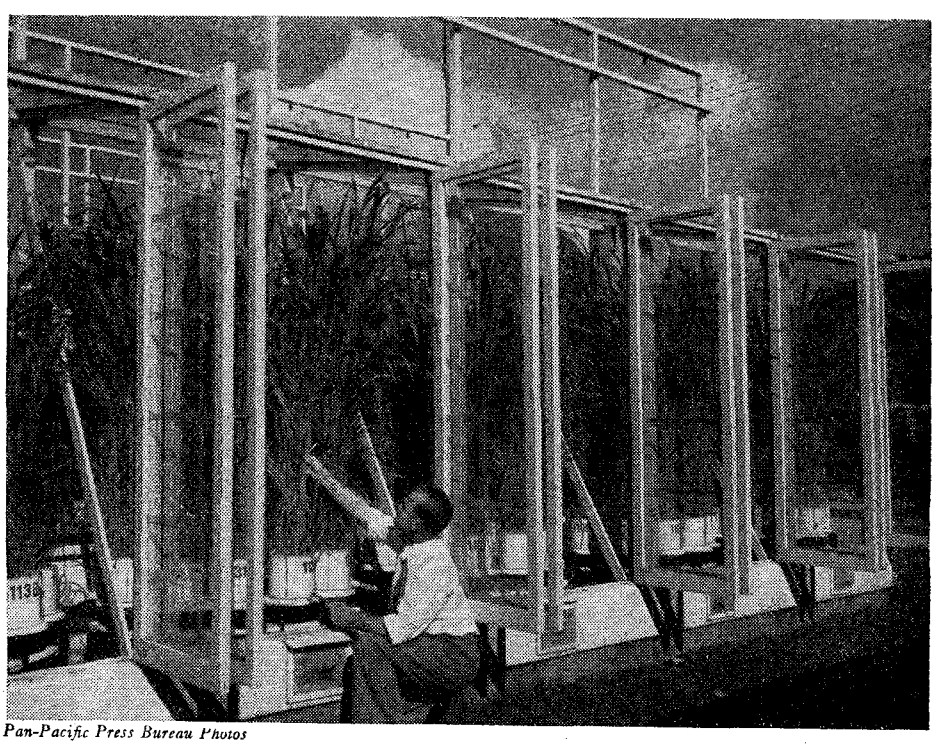
WITH FEW EXCEPTIONS the island cane farmers of the nineteenth century were from New England. They had gone west half an ocean farther than even their most venturesome cousins on the mainland, and their community was small. Because Hawaii remained a native kingdom until its annexation as a United States Territory in 1898, the country they lived in was not theirs. But isolation, instead of proving a liability, brought them into a unique community of business purpose.

They were all growing the same crop and they were growing it under comparable conditions. None of them at first had much money. It therefore seemed to them reasonable to pool their knowledge and their findings. Every sugar farmer could do what he chose — but it was the understanding that, when one chose wisely, all should know of it, or, if he chose ill, all should know of this too, so that the mistake might in future be avoided. Their experience was to be pooled through the medium of an owner's co-operative.



A Plantation School

One of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association's earliest functions was the importation of labor. Sugar cane is the heaviest and bulkiest of all crops; its growth and harvest require many hands. Importation was necessary because during the last century, while the islands' cane lands were steadily extending, the native population was as rapidly diminishing. It was no one's deliberate fault. The Polynesian inhabitants of Hawaii had been so long isolated from the outside world that they were unable to resist even its most common sicknesses. Measles and chicken pox produced the effect of major plagues. In an age before quarantine, it was not long before more terrible afflictions visited them. Between 1800 and 1900 the original island population was reduced by almost 90 per cent.



Pan-Pacific Press Bureau Photos

Hothouse at Sugar Experimental Station

Emissaries were sent to Asia and to the Atlantic islands of Madeira and the

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Azores in an attempt to fill this void of men, and Chinese, Portuguese, Japanese, and at last Filipinos were ultimately induced to immigrate in enormous numbers. In the thirty-five-year period ending with the restriction of immigration in 1908, some three hundred thousand individuals made the journey — and more than half went home.

The imported laborers were at first put to work by the sugar farmers at building their own quarters out of native materials. The shacks were made of bamboo, of sun-hardened mud, of palm thatch, of anything that lay at hand. Since sugar land was precious, the sites allotted for plantation labor camps were too often barren, rugged, and sun-stricken.

But soon it was observed that the more ill-kept estates had difficulty in inducing their best workers to remain with them. Farms that began to devote more care to the housing of their hands not only kept their own most able workers but attracted the best from other estates. The co-operative association, instead of preventing this turnover, served merely to point out its courses. Elaborate rehousing projects were undertaken on more backward farms. As dwellings improved, labor change-over grew less.

III

THE SUGAR-FARM workers in Hawaii today, after fifty years of building and rebuilding, are probably better housed than any working-class group of comparable income in the world. On the thirty-eight estates that produce most of Hawaii's sugar crop, there are 21,079 workers' dwellings, of which the industry lists 6,857 as "good," 10,784 as "medium," and 3,438 as "poor." All but about 400 of the lot, regardless of classification, are fitted with electricity, and 11,857 have complete inside bathrooms and attached laundries. No sugar employee pays anything whatever for the housing of himself and his family.

The typical modern plantation community stands in the middle of the farm on accessible and well-drained land. The "good" houses, with which it is planned ultimately to replace all others, are bungalows each with three bedrooms, living room, kitchen, and bath. They are of frame construction, with corrugated iron roofs and inner ceilings for heat insulation. Each bungalow stands in a plot of land about 75 by 100 feet, and is situated back from a well-kept road. Even built wholesale, the buildings cost from $1,500 to $2,000 each.

The arrangement of the communities is formal. But the dreary sameness of the usual industrial settlement has been skilfully mitigated. The houses are painted in a variety of colors. One will have an extra bedroom, winged on at the plea of a tractor driver to herald the birth of his sixth child; some have garages; some have back porches. The land around a house is regarded as the private property of the occupant, and there is no company interference with what is done with it.

It is suggestive of the average man's response to any opportunity for decent living that these plots, almost without exception, are well kept. The lawns are green; hedges and flower beds are trim and charming. Back yards are often planted as vegetable gardens.

In the formative days of the industry, there was an additional incentive for the improvement of the workers' quarters, one convincing to even the most conservative intelligence. Though the immigrant laborers were less subject to sickness than the native Hawaiians, they were by no means immune. Ramshackle farm settlements sometimes became pest centers. Better villages showed less incidence of disease, and turnout improved. The sugar farms that had invested most in innovations that made for decency — airy, well-drained village sites and clean water supplies — moved ahead of less farsighted competitors.

The observation that a well cane hand worked better than a sick one led to an elaborate system of medical care. All the larger island sugar farms now have their own hospitals and from one to five resident physicians. The hospital buildings are modern, cheerful, and spotlessly clean. All are equipped with operating rooms, X-ray paraphernalia, and biological laboratories. It is a perquisite of sugar employment that every worker receive complete medical attention for himself and for all members of his family. There are no limitations and — for all earning less than $100 a month — no charges. Medicines, major operations, X-ray treatments, deliveries — all are free. The last, especially, are not discouraged. The farms hope to extend their corporate existence indefinitely. Their eye is already on the arriving generation.

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The situation of a farm with from one to three thousand hands and a resident population of up to six thousand people is, of course, peculiar. There are off hours as well as work hours to be accounted for. The American sugar farmers in the islands recognize that labor troubles can arise as readily from misuse of leisure as from inequities of pay. So the farms are equipped with gymnasiums, baseball and football fields, and tennis courts. Many have open-air swimming tanks.

Unusually strict business records are kept. The Hawaiian cane farms are corporations, each with chairman, board of directors, and stockholders. Nothing, from a thousand tons of fertilizer to the price of a new basketball, escapes the eye of accountancy. Costs of social service are reckoned both per acre and per ton of sugar, as an essential part of operating expenses. The largest estate in the Territory, Lihue, on the Island of Kauai, with 14,000 cane-bearing acres, charges annually $4.25 against each acre for workers' medical care, $2.31 for welfare work. Multiplied by even the far smaller acreages of a typical mainland farm, such charges might be ruinous. Or — perhaps — the reverse?

IV

One common cause of friction between agricultural employer and agricultural employee has been removed by negative action. Board, usually a perquisite of mainland farms, is not provided. Most workers buy their own food and prepare it in their own kitchens. The rare exceptions are young single men who elect to eat at a restaurant boarding place, run at cost or close to cost by the farm management. The usual charge is $15 a month for three full meals a day.

The average daily wage of agricultural workers in the year of record 1937 in the whole of the United States, as reported by the Department of Agriculture, was, without board, $1.58 a day. In Hawaii, the average sugar-farm hand is paid (also without board) $2.34 a day, plus a free home (a good one, with a garden), medical care, social-welfare benefits, and hospitalization — perquisites which are really necessities of life, which the worker must have, and which he would usually supply at his own expense. These benefits are a substantial addition to wages.

What both employers and employees aim at, however, is that vastly more important consideration and one all too commonly forgotten — a dependable *annual* wage. A sixteen-dollar-a-day plasterer feels nowise overpaid if he never plasters. American farm laborers, from the point of view of annual earnings, have been traditionally ill paid.

Year-round diversification of farm activities or some schemed division of the year between interdependent factories and farms have often been proposed as means of mitigating the evil of irregular agricultural employment. On the Hawaiian sugar farms, diversification of the same crop has proved the solution.

Most of the world's sugar cane is planted and cropped as seasonably as barley. Despite the warm climates which cane favors, the plant follows a definite cycle. In the West Indies, it is the custom to harvest for about four months, and during the rest of the year most of the workers are laid off. In Hawaii, except for a period of from six to eight weeks each year when the sugar mills must be stopped for overhauling, harvest is perpetual. Even with the mill closed for repairs and harvest not in motion, management creates general repair tasks so as to prevent layoffs. The end has been achieved only by the exercise of great ingenuity and by endless experiment.

Canes of different selected types are planted at all seasons so that they can be harvested at all seasons. Growing periods are shortened or prolonged by the addition or subtraction of fertilizers. Some fields are cropped prematurely and some belatedly. The method is costly, but the cane farmers have proved it economic. Since there is always work, their labor force is always intact. All work is in trained hands; machines are in steady use; and the payroll is predictable. There is no surplus of men, no season of shortage. If sometimes it seems expensive, there is a ready answer: Strikes are few.

Sugar, farmers of other crops point out, is a protected industry; therefore its problems are not comparable to theirs. But protection is neither rare nor new in American business. For a generation before quotas were imagined, a high tariff had no other purpose. But in few other businesses have the profits of protection been so widely distributed or made so relatively safe by sharing them with those whose labor has produced them.

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The Forum Quiz

The Quiz is planned to amuse FORUM readers but not to measure their intelligence. It covers various fields of interest and should not be difficult for the average person. Counting four points for each correct answer, Harry von Zell, the well-known radio announcer, scored an eighty on this Quiz. A secretary scored seventy-two, and a lawyer scored eighty-eight. As an experiment, the number of queries has been reduced this month from forty to twenty-five, to permit fuller treatment of each. Answers on page 144.

1. Picking out the author of this verse should be as easy as dusting the pollen off a buttercup:

Razors pain you;
Rivers are damp;
Acids stain you;
And drugs cause cramp.
Guns aren't lawful;
Nooses give;
Gas smells awful;
You might as well live.

(*a*) *Frances Frost* (*b*) *Dorothy Parker*
(*c*) *Sara Teasdale*

2. "When one is unemployed," began Owen D. Young at a recent business dinner, "one does not mind making a speech when a free meal goes with it." Everyone present enjoyed the joke, because they knew Owen had just:
(*a*) *been fired by General Electric for clock watching*
(*b*) *left his job, intending to join Westinghouse*
(*c*) *retired*

3. No, there's no danger of our supply of iodine running out as long as we have plenty of:
(*a*) *ragweed* (*b*) *seaweed* (*c*) *cottonseed*
(*d*) *velocipede* (*e*) *aniseed*

4. "You can't fool me with that little mustache of yours," a doubting Democrat told Tom Dewey recently. "I don't think you're old enough to meet the minimum age limit for the presidency," which is:
(*a*) *twenty-one* (*b*) *thirty-five* (*c*) *forty-five*
(*d*) *fifty-five* (*e*) *ninety-five*

5. Most people know about Grant Wood but not that he has recently begun to:
(*a*) *paint seascapes* (*b*) *do a portrait of F. D. R.*
(*c*) *teach biology* (*d*) *paint American legends*
(*e*) *play the zither* (*f*) *support the D. A. R.*

6. Remember Mussolini, the chap who used to swagger and strut so before Adolf and Joe stole his thunder? Well, Musso's Foreign Minister, mouthpiece, son-in-law, and stooge is:
(*a*) *Count Galeazzo Ciano* (*b*) *Italo Balbo*
(*c*) *Virginio Gayda* (*d*) *Count Dino Grandi*

7. Uncle Arthur says that his customary six drinks before dinner and six drinks afterward are definitely stimulating, but he admits that they are probably affecting his metabolism. This refers to the speed with which Uncle Art's spry old frame:
(*a*) *converts food and oxygen to bodily use*
(*b*) *gets rid of cellular waste materials*
(*c*) *performs both of the foregoing processes*

8. The style should tell you who wrote this poem:

The fog comes
on little cat feet.
It sits looking
over harbour and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

(*a*) *Edwin Arlington Robinson* (*b*) *Carl Sandburg*
(*c*) *Dorothy Parker* (*d*) *Ben Hecht*

9. Your wife has dragged you off to a dull musicale, and as you sit there, striving nobly to keep awake, you swear you could equal the record of the world's longest sleeper, which is the:
(*a*) *elephant* (*b*) *lungfish* (*c*) *whale*

10. Speaking of animals, do you recall which one gives birth to the heaviest baby?
(*a*) *elephant* (*b*) *whale* (*c*) *side-hill gouger*
(*d*) *horse* (*e*) *goofus bird*

11. Remember Persia — the place where sunlight falls on patchwork walls, the country which is next-door neighbor to India, whose veiled women are all beautiful, and whose oil fields are coveted by the great powers? Well, we merely wanted to learn if you know its modern name, which is:
(*a*) *Iran* (*b*) *Iraq* (*c*) *Saudi Arabia*

12. Precocious little Agamemnon, aged five, has taken up skiing and is practicing in the back yard, preparatory to a trip to Sun Valley. "Track," he yells, at the top of a little slope, "I'm going to *schuss* it." Agamemnon is just trying to impress us. He means:
(*a*) *he is coming straight down the hill*
(*b*) *he is going to turn left and right*
(*c*) *he is going to fall flat on his fanny*

13. He's a small man, with a crumpled felt hat, a tweed suit, and white hair. He is an enthusiastic popularizer of literature everywhere and was long a student hero at New Haven, where he taught for years and years. His name is:
(*a*) *"Kitty" Kittredge* (*b*) *"Billy" Phelps*
(*c*) *"Copey" Copeland*

14. Next to Paris, the biggest influence on women's styles in America is:
(*a*) *Palm Beach* (*b*) *Hollywood* (*c*) *Palm Springs*

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15. There's a good deal of talk these days among basketball fans about what can be done to eliminate the advantage possessed by:
(*a*) *extremely tall players* (*b*) *heavyweight teams*
(*c*) *football passers converted to court players*

16. It should not be as hard as twisting a tiger's tail to select the one true statement (if the "experts" are right) made here about the war:
(*a*) *Stalin wants most to destroy Japan.*
(*b*) *The Mannerheim line is on the Swedish frontier.*
(*c*) *The Reich must win quickly or lose slowly.*
(*d*) *Chamberlain is giving up his umbrella.*

17. A tall, quiet man in his sixties walks into a room and greets a friend. "Hello, Thomas J. Watson," the friend wouldn't say — but he might inquire:
(*a*) "*Are you earmarked for Harry Hopkins' job?*"
(*b*) "*Tom, how's the office-equipment business?*"
(*c*) "*Are you still studying marsupials?*"
(*d*) "*Your chorines are the prettiest on Broadway.*"

18. Uncle Arthur, whose interest in athletics is largely confined to the nineteenth hole, has been reading in the papers about the newest wrinkle in sport, which is:
(*a*) *hunting wild game with bow and arrow*
(*b*) *basketball on ice* (*c*) *water polo* (*d*) *night golf*

19. In what Verdi opera is there a court jester who is a very bad man — the kind who would tie cats' tails together and hang them over a clothesline? This jester encourages his boss, the Duke, to woo other men's wives, but Justice Is Done when the jester unwittingly arranges the murder of his own daughter. However, the daughter revives long enough to sing a fine duet with her pa, who thereupon falls down in a dead faint. The curtain falls, wakes everyone up. They have slept through:
(*a*) *La Traviata* (*b*) *Il Trovatore* (*c*) *Rigoletto*

20. Judging by the subject matter, who would you say wrote the following essay?

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript . . . for the first thousand seventy ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia at this day. . . . The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following: The Swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out in the woods one morning. . . .

(*a*) *Charles Lamb* (*b*) *Thomas De Quincey*
(*c*) *Washington Irving* (*d*) *James Thurber*

21. As a favor, please select the misspelled word:
"*I may be only a quiz editor now,*" *said the trucculent little man with the spade beard and the derby hat,* "*but I'm human and I have hopes. When the millennium comes, I'll have a job digging sewers or raising goats.*"

22. From what novel comes this famous last paragraph?

He fell in October, 1918, on a day that was so quiet and still on the whole front, that the army report confined itself to a single sentence. . . . He had fallen forward and lay on the earth as though sleeping. Turning him over one saw that he could not have suffered long; his face had an expression of calm, as though almost glad the end had come.

(*a*) *A Farewell to Arms* (*b*) *The Grapes of Wrath*
(*c*) *Mein Kampf*
(*d*) *All Quiet on the Western Front*

23. Cousin Claudia read in *Vogue* how the Duchess of Windsor is one of the world's best dressed women despite the fact that she is thin and over forty. "Well," said Claudie, "if the Duchess with her hat-rack figure can go places, I certainly can with my nice curves." Now Cousin Claudia has never been noted for her logic, but she did happen to be using:
(*a*) *an "a fortiori" argument* (*b*) *Socratic irony*
(*c*) *a philosophical paradox*

24. Recall the man who heads the Federal Reserve system?
(*a*) *Jesse Jones, of Texas*
(*b*) *Marriner Eccles, of Utah*
(*c*) *William McChesney Martin, of New York*

25. "Either I get a new mink coat," Aunt Clytemnestra flatly told her beau, Herkimer, aged sixty-seven, "or I don't marry you." "Why, you adorable little spitfire," replied Herky hotly, "you're giving me Hobson's choice!" — which means:
(*a*) *no choice at all* (*b*) *the brush-off*
(*c*) *the same treatment a chorus girl would give*
(*d*) *the alternative is worse than the plight*
(*e*) *the bum's rush*

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Can New Orleans Come Back?

by **HAMILTON BASSO**

SINCE THE EARLY PART of July, when the latest Louisiana scandal hit the front pages of the country's newspapers like a load of buckshot, more than two hundred indictments have been returned against persons of political, social, and financial importance in the State. All these indictments — and there will be more — are traceable to the rule of Huey Long. It would be a serious mistake, however, to conclude that corruption in Louisiana began with the Kingfish. In Louisiana's long history of political corruption Huey is an important figure but only as part of a larger and more significant pattern.

New Orleans is not Louisiana; but, for the present piece of surgery and because the city's influence has always been predominant in State politics, it may properly be regarded as the central design of the pattern we intend to explore. The Crescent City — Latin and Catholic, pleasure-loving and easygoing — differs from the rest of the Anglo-Saxon, Protestant South as does, say, Marseilles from Bristol. The choice of Marseilles is a deliberate one; for, as in that tough, brawling, and picturesque seaport, the civic government of New Orleans has frequently been influenced — and was once virtually dominated — by forces of the underworld.

WHAT RECONSTRUCTION MEANT

UNTIL THE PERIOD of post–Civil War reconstruction, the municipal government of New Orleans was pitched on a relatively decent plane. It was not that the founding fathers neglected to lay the proper basis for their economic constitutions. Lay them they did, no more, no less than they did in New England. There were cases, too, of bribery and graft. An occasional scandal shook the town. But the wholesale looting of public funds, the shameful wallowing in the municipal trough, the unconcealed alliance with the underworld — these were not to come until later.

Reconstruction has its defenders. No Southern person, however, no matter how reconstructed, can see it as anything but a tragic time of hatred, vindictiveness, corruption, and plain stupidity. There is no need to dig up old skeletons and re-examine moldy bones. Our primary concern is with political corruption; and corruption, during reconstruction, had as devastating an effect on the South as had four years of a cruel and ruthless war. It fixed, for the whole section, a new and different concept of politics. It served as a conditioning factor whose influence is still operative. It established, in short, the theory that graft is not only legitimate but just. And New Orleans, perhaps more than any other city, responded accordingly.

THE LOUISIANA LOTTERY

RECONSTRUCTION ended in New Orleans, for all practical purposes, in 1874. That was the year the Crescent White Leaguers staged a pitched battle with certain carpetbag forces on Canal Street. The end of reconstruction, however, did not bring the end of municipal corruption. The Louisiana Lottery took over where the carpetbaggers left off.

Cartoons of the time show the Louisiana Lottery as an octopus with its head in New Orleans and its tentacles spreading over the entire country. It was certainly the most formidable gambling organization the United States had ever known. The size of its scope is suggested by the fact that some 93 per cent of its annual "take," sometimes amounting to almost half a billion dollars, came from outside New Orleans.

The Lottery began in 1869, after the carpet-

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bag State Legislature granted it a twenty-five-year charter in exchange for a nominal sum to be paid the New Orleans Charity Hospital. For a quarter-century thereafter, the Lottery flourished, laying the foundation for one of the largest present-day fortunes in New Orleans, employing such Civil War notables as Generals Beauregard and Early to attest to its "honesty," maintaining sumptuous offices in a score of American cities — and, almost as a matter of course, exercising dominant control over the City of New Orleans and the State of Louisiana.

In a very short time, when its shares began soaring to spectacular heights, the Lottery became respectable. Among its stockholders were many of the first families of New Orleans and other parts of Louisiana. It was not difficult for the directors of the Lottery, through these well-placed associates and the enormous slush fund at its disposal, to turn the city into a dependency not unlike the vassal State created by Huey Long.

It was not until 1892, when its charter expired, that the power of the Lottery began to be challenged. The renewal of the charter, for a proposed annual fee of a million dollars, became the major issue of one of the bitterest campaigns ever seen in a State that takes its politics like a mixture of white mule and raw gin. The Lottery carried the day, exercising sufficient control over the Legislature to gain a three-year extension of its charter through an article written into the State Constitution. In 1895, however, it was outlawed by the federal government, and moved south to Honduras, where it was to continue as the Honduras Lottery Company.

Preparing the Way

Nine years passed, marked by only the normal amount of scandal — to which the city was now completely inured — and the rise of the red-light district as an important factor in New Orleans' political life. Then, in 1904, Martin Behrman was elected Mayor for the first of his five terms, four of which were to run consecutively. A provincial politico not unlike the contemporary "Mister" Ed Crump of Memphis, Behrman soon hammered his Old Regular organization into the Tammany of the South. His reign in the city hall lasted for sixteen unbroken years: sixteen years of an air-tight alliance between the city government and the red-light district.

New Orleans, during this time, had actually two mayors — Behrman and the boss of the underworld, Tom Anderson. The latter was one of the most colorful figures in a city splashed with color. Big, strapping, generous, Anderson owned one of the toughest spots in one of the toughest areas this side of Port Said. The "District" was his. It belonged to him by common consent. His title, "Mayor of Storyville," was more than a jest or a figure of speech. He kept the District in line, collected its contributions to the Old Regular war chest, settled its quarrels. And, on the side, he found time to serve as a member of the State Legislature and be president of an oil company.

The exact nature of the alliance between Anderson and Behrman, having never been entrusted to paper, has never become known. But certain it is that Tom Anderson got out the votes; certain it is that the District went down the line for Behrman every time; certain that the inhabitants of the District were reguarly "shaken down" — for protection, for more protection, for more protection still. (One shudders to think of the thousands of tickets for policemen's benefits those girls bought in their time!) It is certain, too, that throughout Behrman's long term of office Tom Anderson and the District went their way unmolested. And yet the day was to come, not far in the future, when many citizens of New Orleans were to look back on Behrman as a relatively efficient civil servant and on his regime as a not particularly dishonest one!

The Gang

This bare outline should serve to provide enough background to make the present political situation in New Orleans understandable. It may serve also to correct the notion that political corruption in Louisiana was something invented by Huey Long.

One salient fact in the Kingfish's career is often forgotten. Huey became a dictator — *but he went into office as a reformer*. The votes that first brought him to office were votes cast against the New Orleans ring and the banking, plantation, and industrial interests which were tied to it despite its unsavory charactor. It is important to realize, also, that Huey carried out many of his campaign promises. Ignore

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these facts, think of him only as a ranting voice coming out of your radio and promising every man a kingdom and you ignore the primary reason why masses of people followed him with loyalty, devotion, and even love.

The story of how the Kingfish made the State of Louisiana his own principality, subject to no laws or decrees but his own, is known everywhere. For our present purpose all that has to be remembered is that almost every vestige of a democratic government had been shorn away when he was assassinated. "Louisiana is mine," he liked to boast, "stock, lock, and barrel!" In a political sense, he was speaking the truth. Every remnant of opposition had been routed. His rubber-stamp legislature granted his every wish. He collected tribute from sources that had never been tapped before. The State, when he died, was ripe for the plucking.

And then the wolves moved in.

In the midst of the excitement that followed Huey's death, the incredible sound and fury, their coming was hardly noticed. Shortly, however, after the Kingfish was laid away in his tuxedo, it became apparent that a triumvirate was going to wield his power and share his mantle.

Head man of the new regime was Robert S. Maestri, Mayor of New Orleans, one of the most dubious characters in American political life.

Mr. Maestri's grandfather was an Italian immigrant who laid the basis for the family fortune (the Mayor is several times a millionaire) by building up a profitable poultry business. One of his sons, the Mayor's father, saw a brighter future in the furniture business and opened an establishment just beyond the official boundaries of the red-light district. So much furniture was sold to the women of the district by the Maestris, father and son, that the Mayor, in the vulgate, is known as Red Light Bob.

Mayor Maestri is a character to tempt the psychological novelist. It so happens that New Orleans is the most snobbish city in the United States, and Mr. Maestri, like Huey, was never admitted into that closed corporation which dominates the formal life of the city. (Many members of that corporation, however, are ardent supporters of the Mayor. They approve, especially, the frankly terroristic methods he used to combat the C.I.O. in New Orleans and they admire his friendly leaning toward "business." But asking him to join a Carnival Krewe and thus become one of them is quite another thing — naturally!) In any case, Mr. Maestri has always been a shadowy figure in the political life of a city that likes to have its personages spotlighted. When Huey made Maestri Conservation Commissioner, Maestri was practically unknown; and even now, as Mayor, his public appearances are extremely rare. Our imaginary novelist, then, would have to answer this question: Is Mayor Maestri another one of those inwardly frustrated persons who seek compensation through excessive power? Personally, I think he is, just as was Huey Long. And this, it may be postulated, was the chief and strongest bond of their friendship.

Our novelist would find Seymour Weiss, the second member of the triumvirate, almost as interesting as Mr. Maestri. The money man of the Long organization, handling millions in cash every year, Mr. Weiss will shortly begin repenting the price of folly behind prison bars. (He made the mistake, among various others, of twice selling the same hotel to the State of Louisiana.) A Jew, Mr. Weiss was first a retail shoe clerk, then manager of the barber shop in the hotel Long favored when in New Orleans. He and Huey became friends; he threw in his lot with that of the Kingfish. In time, during the heyday of the Long regime, Mr. Weiss was generally looked on as heir to the throne. He became a member of the syndicate that owns

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most of the hotels in New Orleans, as well as other valuable properties, and it was not until the federal government began investigating his affairs that his power began to decline.

The third member of the triumvirate, ex-Governor Richard W. Leche, was simply one of those minor personages tossed up by the heaving currents of provincial politics. Unsuccessful as a lawyer, holding a minor judgeship, he was selected to run for governor by the Long chieftains largely because of his willingness to take orders. Elected to the governorship in 1936, he went into office a relatively poor man. Three years later, when the pressure of events forced his resignation, he was a millionaire. "I have been very lucky," he told reporters. "I didn't take any vows of poverty."

It is regrettable that the limitations of space forbid more than the merest mention of some of the other members of the Maestri-Weiss-Leche gang. There is, for example, Dr. James Munroe Smith, Huey's hand-picked President of Louisiana State University, whose flyer in wheat with embezzled funds landed him in the cane fields of the State penitentiary. There is Abe Shushan, wholesale dry-goods dealer, whose name appears so often on the municipal-airport buildings that the wags say the only way to de-Shushanize it would be to tear the place down. There is Earl Long, Lieutenant Governor until Leche's resignation, a pale imitation of the Kingfish, all noise and bluster and profanity, with so far no sign of an idea. But these are a few of the men who, after the death of Huey, inaugurated a reign of corruption in New Orleans unequaled since the days when a carpetbag legislature ordered a million dollars' worth of crystal chandeliers and a gold spittoon for every officeholder in the State.

And — most incredible of all — nobody seemed to care!

Public Apathy

Why didn't they care? The answer, I believe, is threefold.

Part of it is discoverable in the history of New Orleans politics as sketched at the beginning of this essay. Political corruption, to repeat, has been the norm. This is most strikingly evidenced by the fact that a careful breakdown of figures revealed that under Huey Long there was *less* grafting of public funds *than in any*

administration since the Civil War. Having been conditioned by this moral climate, the vast majority of citizens viewed the antics of the Maestri-Weiss-Leche gang with apathy. The few persons who raised their voices in protest were crying in the wilderness. If the New Orleans gang had not overplayed its hand and misappropriated certain WPA funds, thus giving the federal government an opening wedge, the men now in jail or waiting to begin serving their sentences, would probably still be ruling the city and State.

A second part of the answer — and it is well to state it bluntly — is that some of the leading financial and business figures of the city were hand in glove with the regime. The sagging walls of the new charity hospital attest to it; also the "hot oil" scandals and the miserable affair of the Levee Board, which has resulted in the indictment for fraud of the members of one of the city's ranking bond houses. But lesser people, ordinary men and women, were also involved. A tax-assessment racket flourished. For a price, generally 10 per cent of the reduction, one might have one's real-estate taxes cut. Then there were the slot-machine privileges sold to little merchants and storekeepers throughout the city. It must not be forgotten, either, that the New Orleans payrolls were padded as never before or that this army of petty officeholders could muster an even larger army of relatives and friends. One cannot indict a half-million people. It is possible to say, however, that the worst crime of which Huey Long and his successors were

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guilty was the moral debauchery of the largest city in the South.

The third and most important part of the answer we are seeking is probably contained in the fact that New Orleans, for all her cosmopolitan atmosphere, is truly a backward city. The problems now agitating many American municipalities — housing and labor reform, for example, or public ownership of utilities — seem barely to have penetrated New Orleans' mass consciousness. It is possible to discuss such problems with members of the Tulane faculty or with a few newspapermen on journals antipathetic to the thought of basic social reforms, but the average New Orleanian, the "man in the street," seems untouched by the politico-social tumult of the past decade.

If this seems a distortion, let us examine briefly the recent election in Louisiana. There were two platforms: (1) "Turn the rascals out" and (2) "We're not as bad as they say — besides, Huey Long was the poor man's friend." One seeks fruitlessly for any sign of what is generally called a social conscience, for any forward-looking view, for even a partially progressive program. And the voters of New Orleans, as in the past, gave the machine a plurality — though (and this is the one hopeful sign) a drastically reduced one.

The Wolves at Bay

There is to be a second primary in Louisiana, in which the broken remnants of Huey's machine may well be shattered.

The spearhead of the opposition is Sam Houston Jones, forty-two, a moderately prosperous lawyer of Lake Charles, in the western part of the State. Mr. Jones, as colorless as Huey was colorful, was backed in the first primary by the *Times-Picayune* of New Orleans and had the support of the various "better government" leagues that mushroomed across the State following the recent scandals. Born in a log cabin, Mr. Jones's basic vote appeal lay in his name and the fact that his personal honesty has never been questioned.

The campaign, like all political contests in Louisiana, was catch-as-catch-can, with no holds barred. For months the radio channels were clogged with verbal brickbats and dead cats, and on Election Day the entire State seemed on the verge of civil war. When the ballots were finally counted, they gave 204,901 votes to Governor Earl Long, 292,223 to his four opponents. Mr. Jones is given a better than even chance to defeat Governor Long in the second primary, and, if he does, twelve years of dictatorship by the Long machine will have come to an end.

The importance of this long-delayed revolt is not to be minimized, but the basic situation in New Orleans will be in any case but slightly improved. The problems that require most urgent attention — better housing for the poor, a more humane and advanced labor policy, proper medical care for the lower-income groups — all these and others will remain untouched. It may be countered that, in order to have any social improvement, it is first necessary to expel the gang. True as that may be, however, it is even more true that the people of New Orleans cannot hope for a decent municipal government until they lose their taste for political razzle-dazzle and think through to essential issues. They must, somehow or other, attain political maturity and escape the apathy that has delivered them into the hands of one predatory gang after another. What is wanted, more than anything else, is a broad program of adult education. An alert citizenry is an informed citizenry; and it is in this direction that the few progressive groups might best expend their energy.

One is reminded, finally, of the Viennese. They were a gracious and charming people who loved to sip coffee and make sly political jokes; and then came a thing called *Anschluss*. I predict no *Anschluss* for New Orleans, whose people are also gracious and charming and like to sip coffee and make sly political jokes. Yet, though vigorously disputing the insidious theory that America must descend into Fascism, one must realize that the state of affairs in New Orleans has been one of the soft spots in the levee of American democracy. Ideology has nothing to do with it. What is involved is the basic premise that men and women can govern themselves properly. It is high time, really — now that the political gangsters are on the run — for the people of New Orleans to help prove that the founding fathers were not talking through their hats.

Next month: 'Main Street, 1940 — Sigourney, Iowa'

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The BOOK FORUM

Experiment and Evaluation • *Mary M. Colum*

Polite Essays, by Ezra Pound
A Season in Hell, by Jean Arthur Rimbaud
Christopher Columbus, by Salvador de Madariaga
Testament of Friendship, by Vera Brittain
No Arms, No Armour, by Robert Henriques
After Many a Summer Dies the Swan, by Aldous Huxley

Reviews of the Month
edited by Eleanor Van Alen

Caroline of England, by Peter Quennell
America Faces South, by T. R. Ybarra
The All-American Front, by Duncan Aikman
See South America, by Stella V. Richell
The Great Naturalists Explore South America, by Paul R. Cutright
Experiment, by Helen Hull
Polonaise, by Martin Hare
The Challenge of Adolescence, by Ira S. Wile
Decade 1929–1939, by Stephen Longstreet
Statesmen of the Lost Cause, by Burton J. Hendrick
The Other Germany, by Erika and Klaus Mann
The Cradle Builder, by Walter Schoenstedt
I Begin Again, by Alice Bretz
Have You Lost God?, by Winfred Rhoades
These Were the Brontës, by Dorothy H. Cornish
On a Darkling Plain, by Wallace Stegner

Publishers' Announcements

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Experiment and Evaluation

by MARY M. COLUM

EZRA POUND has one of the most lively and enterprising minds of anyone now writing in English. He has, besides, that sense of literature which no amount of information can supply and which is rare even amongst writers. But when in a chapter of his newly published *Polite Essays*,* a book made up of articles originally published in various periodicals, he refers to his own "unorganized and fragmentary volumes" he puts his finger on what is the matter with his work — it is too fragmentary. He has been too indolent to organize his mind and his work — or else he is incapable of doing so. This is really why, in spite of his intellectual reach, he remains simply the brilliant amateur.

Outside the arts, an amateur is one who does not earn money or a living by the work he devotes himself to; it is, as the word implies, work done for the love of it solely, so that, in actual ability or knowledge of his subject, an amateur expert may be as good as a professional. But this definition is not valid in the arts. In writing, the difference between the amateur and the professional is full of subtle distinctions. Oddly enough, it does not seem to lie so much in ability and knowledge as in a power of integrating one's mind, in fitting material into a pattern. There are other qualities difficult to formulate; there is something that might be styled a sober knowledge on the writer's part of his own abilities, so that he will neither overestimate nor underestimate them too greatly. As a general rule, the gifted amateur overestimates himself. I do not say that Ezra Pound overestimates himself, but he has a tendency to overvalue the work of amateurs.

If Ezra Pound had had to work for a living as a critic or teacher in America, he could have exercised the most valuable sort of influence on literary thought, in spite of the frequent eccentricities of his judgment, his style, and his vocabulary. His understanding of literature, his high sense of intellectual integrity, his *saeva indignatio*, his intolerance of intellectual rackets (of which this country suffers a plethora) are most valuable energies in a critic. Taking all his drawbacks — his prankish style (a sample: "Anyone who don't know the Commedia is thereby ignoramus."), his schoolboyish injustices, his random pronunciamentos, his insistence that a number of amateurs of eccentric literary output are outstanding creators, his assault on Dryden — in spite of all these, some of the best things in contemporary critical writing are to be found embedded in his work.

He himself maintains that the finest critics are those who actually cause an amelioration in the art they criticize. Perhaps I mean the same thing by insisting that high criticism is the contribution to literature of rousing and creative ideas. According to either notion, Pound measures up pretty well.

THE FUNCTION OF TEACHING

THE BEST ORGANIZED chapter in this short volume is one called "The Teacher's Mission," the others being species of epistles on literature and kindred subjects. Pound's idea that the function of a teaching profession is to maintain the health of the national mind is both sound and enlightening. His demand that a high intellectual integrity be insisted on is necessary, for scholarship without intellectual integrity has no real value — a cheap ambition for material advancement and prestige can corrupt intellectual honesty.

Pound's excellent epistles on Housman's *The Name and Nature of Poetry* and on Laurence Binyon's translation of the Inferno will be appreciated chiefly by those familiar with these two works; he has not taken the trouble to make them clear to anybody else. However, Ezra Pound's sense of humor differs strikingly from the whimsical brand that was Housman's, and his comment on the delightful lecture about poetry is too professorial; indeed, one gets the impression in this case that it is Ezra Pound and not the Latin scholar who is the professor.

But the essay on Binyon's translation of the Inferno and on the virtues of that translation is by one who has studied Dante and his versification thoroughly. After reading it, one understands how easy it might be for the person familiar with Dante's text but unfamiliar with its metrical and sound effects to underestimate Binyon's performance. As one who, a few years ago, reviewed his translation, I now realize what real difficulties Binyon had to cope with and how well he surmounted them.

MISDIRECTED ENERGY

EZRA POUND'S publishers, New Directions, are doing something that calls for commendation.

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They are publishing writers who are making experiments, and any effort that tends to diminish the centralization of publishing in New York and its high degree of commercialization is one that deserves backing. But one wishes that New Directions' editorial discrimination were sounder, for the translation this house has just published of Jean Arthur Rimbaud's *Une Saison en Enfer* (*A Season in Hell*) * will diminish respect for the judgment and knowledge of the editors.

Rimbaud, with Gerard Manley Hopkins, has been adopted as its own by the advance guard of contemporary poetry; and this, in the case of some of the most vocal of the group, is a riddle. However, if the begetter of the present translation of *Une Saison en Enfer* is to any extent representative of this advance guard, the riddle is practically solved, for the Rimbaud that Delmore Schwartz, the translator, confronts us with in the introduction has been evolved from his inner consciousness, with the help of a Marxian ideology, evolved on its side from the inner consciousnesses of some modern radicals. "I am not a Marxist," Marx is said to have declared wearily before he died.

Evolving Rimbaud from his inner consciousness is, however, only one of Delmore Schwartz's feats; he has also evolved the grammar and vocabulary of the French language. Rimbaud's original is printed opposite the translation, so that the reader can flick his gaze from one to the other at ease. The reader of the original will discover with astonishment that the English of *troupeaux* is "trumpets," and that *je revais* means "I review" — the verb *rever*, "to dream," being one of the key words in Rimbaud's work. No man in his literary life ever more completely walked, to use a phrase of Whitman's, "the walk of dreams."

Continuing with what Delmore Schwartz has done with Rimbaud and the French language, the startled reader will discover that the translation of this —

> J'aurais fait, manant, le voyage de terre sainte; J'ai dans la tête des routes dans les plaines souabes, des vues de Byzance, des remparts de Solyme: le culte de Marie, l'attendrissement sur le Crucifié s'éveillent en moi parmi mille féeries profanes.

— is supposed to be:

> I, Clown, have made the voyage of holy earth; I have in my head routes of desert plains, views of Bysantium, ramparts of Solyma: the cult of Mary, the passion on the Cross waken in me a thousand fairy tales.

This passage actually refers to Rimbaud's dream of the Crusades, so present to any Frenchman who has a sense of history, and the English should run like this (literally):

> I, a rustic, would have made the journey to the Holy Land; I have in my head the routes through the Suabian plains, views of Byzantium, the ramparts of Solyma; the veneration for Mary, the emotion over the Crucified, are awakened in me among a thousand secular fairy tales.

Related to this is the howler of a few lines down: "Je ne me souviens pas plus loin que cette terre-ci et le christianisme" — which Mr. Schwartz translates as, "I remember myself before this country and before Christianity." The correct translation gives the sentence an exactly opposite meaning: "I do not remember further than this land and Christianity."

Rimbaud's first intention was to entitle his book "Livre paien" or "livre negre," because he wanted to cast off the Christian religion and get back to paganism or to the life of an untutored savage who would not be involved in the problems of good and evil that Christianity forced on the world. But he could not thrust himself back; he could not remember further than Christianity; the Christian civilization, the Christian symbols were too much with him. This makes part of the conflict that runs through *Une Saison en Enfer*. It is worth noting that eventually Rimbaud died in the bosom of the church — how sincerely we do not know, not insincerely we do know, because of his fierce intellectual integrity.

In his introduction, Delmore Schwartz hands us out one of those sentences which, with slight variations of vocabulary, have in the last few years been tacked on to so many writers of the past: "Rimbaud moved with the greatest speed to a recognition of his essential enemy — the whole of bourgeois culture." Rimbaud's struggle during his couple of years of creative life had been to overthrow the whole weight of tradition, the whole weight of history — bourgeois, aristocratic, religious, and every other kind. In the rush of genius that assailed him at seventeen, he dreamed for a brief space of re-creating everything — of reinventing literature, life, love, the stars and the flowers. He thought, as other young men have thought, though not with his arrogance and intensity, that he could make the world anew. When, at nineteen, he realized that he could not, that his dreams were empty, he wrote *Une Saison en Enfer*, a desolate, beautiful, but not depressing book.

It is difficult to imagine a prose of greater sensitivity: the sentences fall now like a sigh, now like a musical phrase, now like a lyric cry, now like an utterance out of a nightmare, now like a telling sentence out of popular speech. To reproduce the style of the original would of course be difficult. But what are we to say of a translator who, calling himself a poet, presents this subtle prose of a great poet in the English of a schoolboy tackling a "sight" translation and with an elementary knowledge of the French language?

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Dreamer and Explorer

Rimbaud wound up as an explorer and trader in Abyssinia, and the words that Salvador de Madariaga applies to the most famous of all explorers could be applied to him and to many others of that type. They are the men born to initiate things, to open them up, to sow — not those who develop and expand, who reap. Indeed we now perceive that a man of Rimbaud's genius is more nearly related to men of the explorer type than to the purely literary type; Columbus and Rimbaud were really of the same family of minds. Columbus, too, wanted a new world, with new stars, new flowers, new men; he thought it was to be found somewhere in the phenomenal universe, beyond the western ocean.

Salvador de Madariaga's *Christopher Columbus* * is that rare thing in prose literature, a really good biography. It is not one of these romanticized lives in which the picturesque and the curious are played up but a solid piece of work by a scholar who knows all the sources, who has familiarized himself with all the facts, and who, in addition, is a fine writer. Christopher Columbus — or, as he himself wanted to be known, Cristobal Colon — is interpreted for us in such a way that his stature is never diminished, and yet we are made to realize his limitations, even his pettiness. But he was a man of grandeur of soul, and Madariaga is able to keep that grandeur always before us.

Columbus' biographer believes that this mysterious man was of Jewish ancestry, belonging to a family of converted Jews who had been settled in Genoa for a few generations but who always spoke Spanish and looked back to Spain as their homeland. He presents him to us in a way that makes him seem — as undoubtedly he was — one of the most remarkable men who ever lived, remarkable not only for his exploits but in all his inner life. What he knew he knew, as did Rimbaud, by intuition, that "perception of relations via the unconscious," as Jung defined intuition in a book reviewed here a couple of months ago. Columbus thoroughly believed in his own intuition; he believed in the lands he dreamed of "as if he had them in his trunk," as his first biographer remarked. Besides possessing this intuition he was one of the best seamen of his age.

Yet, when he stood before the sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabel, it was hard for him to persuade them that what he had to offer was anything but a dream. Still, a commission was set up to look into his proposals. But he had nothing clear-cut to offer them; all was mystical, prophetic, as unheard-of as Rimbaud's visions of strange lands. Then just when Columbus was about to be discredited, two friars, for some unknown reason, intervened and persuaded the Queen to accept him and his dreams on his own terms. He obtained three small vessels and the help of men experienced about ships. His terms included some dreamlike titles (the Very Magnificent Lord, Don Cristobal Colon, Admiral of the Ocean Sea and Viceroy of the Indies), and he won the right to wear golden spurs. Once off on his three vessels, he was in his element, and in what seems no time at all — the period in which it took the grandfathers of living Americans to sail here from Europe — he found the land of his visions and his prophecies. As Madariaga writes, "an age died," because a new world came to birth.

This is a tale of marvels, and it has never been told so well as in this book. The character of the man, as Madariaga reveals it, is convincing; we feel that he has got the real Columbus and a very different creature from the Y.M.C.A. hero whom Washington Irving presented in his biography.

We find in Columbus' own words the best account of his triumphs and his tragedies:

> After I, by divine will, had put them under your royal and high dominion and on the way to produce very big income, suddenly, while waiting for ships to come to your high presence with victory and great news of gold, very sure and gay, I was arrested and thrown into a ship with two brothers, laden with irons, naked in body, with very bad treatment. I came to serve at twenty-eight, and now I have no hair on my person which is not white, and my body is ill, and all I have is spent and taken from me and sold and from my brothers all, even their clothes, without their being heard or seen, much to my dishonor.

This is the best written and most exciting biography I have read in years.

Good Will Was Not Enough

Vera Brittain's *Testament of Friendship* * is a biography, too. But naturally the subject of it is a long way below Christopher Columbus or Arthur Rimbaud. The subject is an English writer, Winifred Holtby. Here we are in another world from what Madariaga calls the "initiating and nascent energies" that are an upsurge of some vast unconsciousness. We are in a woman's workaday world.

Samples of Winifred Holtby's poetry that her biographer gives show it to be of the kind that is frequently written by sensitive and intelligent women with an urge toward rhythmic expression — nothing very original or very intense. But this is a book worth writing and worth reading because it is an account of the ardent devotion of a highly gifted woman to her friends and to the causes that she thought would advance humanity, a woman, to quote the biographer, who was brought up "in a philanthropic household which regarded the de-

* *Macmillan, $4.00.*

* *Macmillan, $2.50.*

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mands of the intellect as negligible compared with the claims of human need."

The book is valuable also because it gives a period in history: it tells us of the after-war world, when the intelligent people in every country were struggling to make a lasting peace between nations. This was a world also in which, for the first time, women took on public responsibilities, made an entry into legislative bodies, became members of Parliament. The young-woman college graduates who figure in *Testament of Friendship* were in a state of excitement about doing things that only men had done up to that time — they had served in the war; they were taking degrees, making livings in journalism, mixing in international affairs, speaking for League of Nations organizations. All this was good work, but for the most part it did the young women more good than it did anybody else.

Winifred Holtby and Vera Brittain were undoubtedly two of the most able of the young women who busied themselves publicly. But what happened to most of these post-war movements? They were run by people of no great powers who had but a conventional and superficial conception of world forces and affairs. It is tragic to read in this book of Gustav Stresemann's appearance at the League of Nations, his intense effort to save the peace of Europe, asking the victorious Allies to make him only one substantial concession that he might save the peace of the world for our generation. There were plenty of people of good will in all these movements, but what was lacking was outstanding creative ability, people with a direct intuition of how things should be done and how ends could be reached. There was a paucity of genius and there were too many small-talented people of good will.

The intellectual and spiritual capital of the world, like every other sort of capital, cannot stand waste; it should be used only by those who can add to it or who, at least, will not exhaust it. What has happened to this capital in our time is that it is being used almost exclusively by people who have not the power to add to it.

The account of the interview that Winifred Holtby had with General Smuts in South Africa is a revelation of what an influential man with no "perception of relations via the unconscious" can do in the way of damage. All the South African parts of this biography are revelatory of the damage that irresponsible monopolies and an uncultured society and idle, pampered women and a large unprivileged population can do to the world.

Vera Brittain regrets that the claims of her friends gave Winifred Holtby too little time for her work as an author. But Miss Brittain's whole biography leads us to the conviction that the pattern of selflessness Miss Holtby gave was better for the world and for herself than the few additional books that might have come from her; had she been a

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writer of first-class genius, one would, of course, agree with her biographer.

What Meaning in Life?

No Arms, No Armour,* deals with the same generation in England as *Testament of Friendship:* it, too, is a testament of friendship — of friendship between men. Like both Vera Brittain's and Aldous Huxley's books, Robert Henriques' novel is an attempt to discover some meaning in life; it tackles the problem more intelligently, less self-centeredly, than Vera Brittain's, less sophisticatedly than Aldous Huxley's.

This is a novel of army and barrack life done so intimately that it will make a valuable source book for some historian of the future. The codes of army life seem like the taboos of some elementary civilization; what they can do to perfectly normal men in the way of crushing thought, turning them into robots, and, on another level, into homosexuals is all revealed in the convention of a mediocre English novel, a convention which makes the whole business very convincing. The three friends, Tubby, Sammy, and Daddy, somehow manage to make themselves thinking men first and soldiers afterward. Daddy, the officer who helps the hero, Tubby, to outgrow the mentality of the English military school and the officers' mess, seems to be the spokesman for the author. "Like a blasted mother I've watched the birth of thought in you," he says to Tubby. "I've suckled it and weaned it and reared it . . . I believe in the divinity of complete consciousness, divinely unattainable."

Now ours is the first generation that has set up complete consciousness as a goal. The generation before ours believed itself to be conscious, and it is very impressive to find the struggle toward consciousness as a sort of theme running through a book written, obviously, by a simple, direct, intelligent man who has labored hard to get a meaning out of life. For this reason Robert Henriques' thinking makes a more dramatic impression on us than the sophisticated thinking in Aldous Huxley's and the benevolent thinking in Vera Brittain's books.

No Arms, No Armour is the second novel to gain a prize in the All Nations novel competition. The drawback of such a wide competition is that it must inevitably happen that both the best as well as the worst novels are eliminated. But this is a very much better book than the first one to receive this prize.

What Price Life?

Aldous Huxley's *After Many a Summer Dies the Swan* † is full of ideas that arise out of the very latest developments in biology, economics, and religion. The novel might be described as a modern satiric version of the Faust story or, rather, as a combination of the Faust story with Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*. But, while Aldous Huxley is a highly cultivated and literate writer, familiar with every intellectual interest, his discussion of these branches of knowledge is a sort of cross between the smart talk at a sophisticated dinner table and the arguments of a postgraduate debating society.

The central character in this book is a rich Californian, Joseph Stoyte, a caricature of the multimillionaire who can buy everything he desires and is almost convinced he can buy a slice of immortality.

If the reader knows anything about the milieus in which the author circulates, he can recognize, as in other books of Huxley's, who the personages are intended to be. But, as in all the other novels, the characters are caricatures; Huxley can see characters in only two dimensions, and, in his attempt to give them the third dimension essential in a novel, he distorts them. He has always had difficulty in giving what he had to say a form. From one point of view, his form seems quite hopeless, but his high intelligence is able to impose a shape on what he attempts; what he achieves is a mechanical rather than an organic form.

One has heard Huxley compared to Swift as a satirist, but Swift had not only intellectual ferocity but great passion — such great passion that, with all his fearful satire, he is one of the most human of literary figures. It is probably true that the final scene in *After Many a Summer Dies the Swan* is cleverer than Swift's revelation of the Struldbrugs, but the passion is too intellectual. None of Huxley's people gives the impression of having ever known the world where people work for a living, and that is the world of the bulk of mankind. The personages in his books are, too many of them, idlers or the intellectually overprivileged, and their main concern is an idle concupiscence varied by intelligent speculations about the world.

The Mr. Propter of this book, who seems to be Huxley's spokesman, impresses the youthful scientist, Pete, by his revelation that nobody ever got something for nothing: "so that a man would pay for too much money, or too much power, or too much sex, by being shut up more tightly inside his own ego." This is typical of much of the wisdom of the book, which seldom rises above the highly intelligent commonplace. One of the real problems of the world is not so much the price a man pays for getting something but the fact that the world is full of people who have paid a terrible price and got nothing in return: people who worked very hard, fought in terrible wars, gave service and devotion — and got nothing in return. Huxley seems never to have known such people. His highly trained mind can always turn out a book in which there is much that is memorable, but nothing that he has recently done is as memorable as his early short stories.

* *Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50.*
† *Harper, $2.50.*

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Reviews of the Month

Edited by Eleanor Van Alen

CAROLINE OF ENGLAND: *An Augustan Portrait*, by PETER QUENNELL (Viking, $3.75).

Early Augustan England as it was constellated in the figure of Pope — or in that most enchanted of its episodes, the visit of Voltaire — has an almost universal appeal. But early Augustan England has another aspect, a political and constitutional aspect of the greatest importance; it then becomes England of the "Pudding Age" and has practically no appeal.

At the heart or close to it of the Pudding Age moves the Hanoverian royal family. Mediocre in their loves and their hatreds and even in their madnesses, the first two Georges are anything but Augustan; only Queen Caroline, wife of George II, seems to have deserved that tremendous epithet — or so Mr. Quennell would like us to believe. She was intelligent; she was realistic; she was fond of sober magnificence. Yet her behavior toward her eldest son was coarse and malignant; and her lights burned dimmer and dimmer as her energies were more and more absorbed in the dreary business of assisting Sir Robert Walpole in managing George II.

It is a hard task to humanize such a lady, harder still to humanize her children or her husband. The Hanoverians resist in death as in life the advances of imagination and affection; in death as in life they blunt even wit itself. Mr. Quennell has given us a portrait of his unlovely family, none the less, that is both airy and thoughtful. His biographical method is almost entirely opposed to that of Lord David Cecil in his recent and triumphant *The Young Melbourne:* his book obtains its life not from an exploration of depths but from a friction of surfaces. The sparks that fly from every page penetrate, as perhaps a more persistent illumination could not, that gloom to which history and superstition have consigned the early Hanoverians. A series of portraits emerges; they are not profound portraits but they have life; they are not irresponsible and so they have significance. One might complain that Mr. Quennell has turned the Pudding Age into a soufflé; yet that would be captious, for he is one of the few writers ever to make it digestible.

GEORGE DANGERFIELD

AMERICA FACES SOUTH, by T. R. YBARRA (Dodd, Mead, $3.00).

THE ALL-AMERICAN FRONT, by DUNCAN AIKMAN (Doubleday, Doran, $3.00).

SEE SOUTH AMERICA, by STELLA V. RICHELL (Savoy, $2.00).

Whether we realize it or not, our American front is changing, and we are facing south. Messrs. Ybarra and Aikman are experienced newspapermen who agree we must, for future safety, win the difficult friendship of Latin America by gaining her complete confidence and thus ensuring the security of the Western Hemisphere.

Both these authors, though their approaches differ, point emphatically to all the wishful thinking that has been common, over the years, on the subject of South American trade, a united front toward Europe, etc. Each writer (though Mr. Ybarra, perhaps because of his partially Venezuelan ancestry, is better disposed toward the twenty southern republics) stresses the innumerable complexities arising inevitably out of the mixture of race, language, tradition, and historical background in South America. To the one it is a "hodgepodge"; to the other, a country "half in and half out of modernity." We gringos up here tend to lump together Mexicans, Chileans, Colombians, Argentinians, Brazilians — forgetting that they have far greater divergences of speech and custom than we find, sectionally, in the States. And not only do we overlook the disparities among the twenty republics, but we underestimate the question of distance as a factor in "neighborliness" and are even prone to a misconception, as Mr. Aikman shows, of the words "good neighbor" themselves.

If Mr. Aikman delves more deeply and realistically into the origins of Latin-American society generally, Mr. Ybarra, with greater charm of writing in a more colloquial and less polished style, gives the reader the "feel" of many lands covered lightly between his covers. Both manage most tellingly to analyze the present in relation to a past wholly unlike that of our own American history. Some of Mr. Ybarra's chapter headings are evocative of his contents: "Teutons and Tourists," "Entente Cordell [!]," "Old Man Coffee." Mr. Aikman quite brilliantly exposes South American economy as based on a glut of man power, the various governments following generally a pattern of despotism, with a great class cleavage everywhere, and domestic politics demonstrating mainly a passion for precedence and mastery over the other fellow. Astute South American leaders, some of them, are wondering if "the Fascist challenge could be utilized to free the republics from the yoke of 'semi-colonialism'" — the yoke which they, with the possible exception of Brazil, fear that we, their rich and powerful northern neighbor, have imposed. Mr. Aikman also finds faint hope for political democracy

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as against dictatorship until the masses' living standards are somehow raised, although he minimizes the extent of actual totalitarian regimentation.

Mr. Ybarra's book should have more interest for the businessman because of its summary of trade facts and figures in our sister republics. These, however, are simplified vastly in the interest of the mere reader. Mr. Aikman offers more to the student of socio-economics and history and less to the reflective tourist. One thing emerges clearly from both their dissections: in South America's increased prosperity lies the solution of what is a basic trouble in our relations with her — an inferiority complex.

Miss Richell's *See South America* is, unpretentiously, a manual for the "cruiser" or casual visitor. It might well be useful to the young high-school traveler, being lively and voluble and entirely superficial and desecrated by unfortunate snatches of mediocre verse.

In Mr. Aikman's volume there are two maps, no bibliography, an index; in Mr. Ybarra's book neither index nor bibliography but maps; in Miss Richell's an appendix, a few photographs, a small map, no index. The omissions seem startling and unnecessary in what appear to be, at least in the case of the two longer books, fairly careful and objective summaries.

E. V. A.

The Great Naturalists Explore South America, by Paul Russell Cutright (Macmillan, $3.50).

This attractive book, according to the blurb on the cover flap, is supposed to tell "the experience of the greatest naturalists who have explored South America." It is divided into two parts. The first, including a single chapter of forty pages, attempts to review the lives of the older generation of naturalists who have visited South America, but it also mentions some contemporary field men. The second part is divided into thirty additional chapters devoted to single species or groups of animals.

The reason for this arrangement is difficult to fathom, for these chapters are not, as we might expect from the title, compilations of the writings of the older naturalists on these particular organisms. The theme may digress to such topics as modern techniques of snake-bite treatment, some modern experiments on the sense of smell in vultures, or the classification of the Crocodilidae. The author bases his compilation chiefly on the subject matter in books instead of that in technical journals, with the result that interesting discoveries on the life history of marmosets, toucans, and hummingbirds find no mention under these headings. He devotes a whole chapter to the cock of the rock and its extraordinary dance but makes no reference to the meaning or origin of this dance as worked out by ornithologists. No less than four chapters are devoted to the reptiles, and it is unfortunate that the author did not look beyond the few popular books he cites. He would have found that the function of the facial pit of the pit vipers, for example, is not the mystery he states. It is a range finder for detecting the body temperature of prey.

Dr. Cutright had a splendid opportunity, when compiling the observations of the older naturalists, to interpret and emend this information in the light of recent discovery. Unfortunately this book, with its many beautiful photographs made by modern naturalists, lacks the charm of the exploration classics because of the brevity of the citation. On the other hand it gains little from the reference to modern work because the data presented is too fragmentary.

G. K. Noble

Experiment. *Four Short Novels,* by Helen Hull (Coward-McCann, $2.50).

Miss Hull always projects her middle-class American men and women with fairness and accuracy. She never condescends, never sharpens her wit on their foibles, and is never unkind. For this clear competency, we are grateful to her.

Yet, in these four short novels, one feels a kind of coldness that keeps these stories from first rank. Her characters move across a panorama of family life with a prim grace but lonely for the third dimension of Miss Hull's real affection. In other stories I have read, Miss Hull has given her men and women, especially her women, more of her own heart and consequently more of ours.

Possibly that shortcoming in this collection is because of the fact that three of the stories make use of "contrived" situations, wherein Miss Hull confronts her groups of people with the extraordinary and not, as is her usual way, with the typical, internal emotional problem. In the first, "With the One Coin for Fee," her main character dies in the hurricane of September, 1938; in "Snow in Summer," a hard-working housewife wins a ten-thousand-dollar prize for a novel written in secret; in "Experiment," the son of a commonplace family, having also won a prize entailing a sum sufficient to build a physics laboratory, returns to his kin as a hero.

Miss Hull handles her contrivances adequately, and the responses of her people to the unusual seem true enough. But the stories nevertheless lack mood, because the action does not flow from character but is brought, rather, face to face with character. All three are shallow in spite of their competence — or possibly because of it.

The other novelette, "Food for Thought," the only one which does not contain the abnormal event,

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seems to me a failure. This is a pity, because Miss Hull is usually at her best in describing typical inadequacies. "Food for Thought" is a story of temporary marital maladjustment which Miss Hull treats with the same solemnity as, for instance, the death in a hurricane. The whole matter might better have been laughed off, since a pompous husband and a flutter of jealousy are comedy, not to say farce, themes.

RUTH PICKERING

POLONAISE, by MARTIN HARE (Macmillan, $2.50).

Contemplating divorce, Casimir and Madeline Dovemount, well-to-do Londoners, sent their three children to Warsaw to visit distant relatives, while they settled their marital differences legally and arranged a division of property and offspring. The younger girls would naturally remain with Madeline. But what of fourteen-year-old Cas, equally beloved by both parents? True to her principles of scrupulous fairness, Madeline resisted the temptation to use feminine tactics. Cas, she declared, must alone and uninfluenced decide which parent he would live with. Then Casimir remembered Rey, kinsman and comrade-in-arms during Pilsudski's campaign against the invading Bolsheviks back in 1920.

So it was that the children found themselves welcomed by a Polish family ensconced in a beautiful eighteenth-century building on the grounds of the Baths Palace, once the royal residence and now a state museum. Engaged to catalogue the museum art treasures, Walenty Rey occupied a small apartment in the Orangery with his wife, his stepson, and two schoolgirl cousins — provincials, in Warsaw for their education. The process of adjustment to this very un-English environment and the gradual development of mutual esteem and affection are described with a light touch and shrewd understanding of the child mind.

The author of *English Rue* provides a novel of manners that is at the same time a study in comparative psychology and a plea to England not to let Poland down. Irish-born, married to a Polish officer, and equally devoted to England and Poland, Miss Hare is admirably equipped to write such a tale as this, with its surface gaiety and essential seriousness. Perhaps it takes a Celt to reveal the temperamental differences of Slavs and Anglo-Saxons.

DRAKE DE KAY

THE CHALLENGE OF ADOLESCENCE, by IRA S. WILE (Greenberg, $2.50).

Out of his wide experience with adolescents and their problems, Dr. Wile has presented his findings

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in *The Challenge of Adolescence*. He discusses theories and principles that he considers in no way as last words on the subject. His is an eclectic point of view, his purpose "to expose the machinery of adolescent action" as he sees it. "The adolescent of today is in the process of becoming a full-fledged adult — he is neither better nor worse, more or less moral and ethical than his fellow citizens. He differs from them only in the number of years of his life and in the uncertainty of his personality structure during the process of building maturity upon childhood."

Dr. Wile has much to say against the "astigmatic-minded" who condemn adolescents for their deviations from established patterns of behavior, who tend to "overestimate the importance of evidences of this revolt." Since this period of growth is part of the continuity of life, since youth must build its own life, these searchings should be encouraging proof of a willingness to assume responsibility, by such questioning, trial and error, for a more direct participation in community life.

It is not an internal change in the nature of the adolescent that lowers his inhibitions, makes him discount the value of family life and religious influence; that justifies to himself a disrespect for elders, makes him hunger for realism and self-expression; that shows him disillusioned and insecure in the economic system. It is the social, economic and political change that is the cause — these adolescent conflicts are the result.

Dr. Wile emphasizes, more than most writers on this subject, such social pressures as nurturing factors in the development of the adolescent. These present many conflicts, and it is through the solving of these conflicts that the growth of the individual is made possible.

"Youth struggles in an epoch of materialism in which the externals of life are in conflict with the internals of being: when science appears to contravene religion and when neither man nor God is generally accepted as a dependable guide."

The eloquence of Dr. Wile reminds us that "adolescents are and ever will be priests of change and inspired oracles of destiny." He stresses the fact that, the adolescent being so, it is in the nature of things for him to direct his standards. This necessitates an evaluation on the part of youth of the contributions — from his family, his church, his school, his associates — to his own growth. He must do this that he may the more adequately take his place as a member of the changing society into which he is born.

The complexity of life here and now, making for greater conflicts, "gives the adolescents of today many advantages over their prototypes of other generations." It also presents a challenge to those adults concerned with serving youth for a more conscious and often indirect guidance.

It is reassuring to note Dr. Wile's belief in the value of discipline. He makes his stand clear when he says: "The adolescent might receive more intelligent guidance if families would recall that the root of the word discipline means to learn." Adults should realize that he must and will be "intent upon testing a technic of self-expression that will establish principles for self-control." Any externalized regulation of his conduct at war with his inner self only serves to block his development.

"All family life is discipline, as all living is discipline. During adolescence the parental problem is to administer discipline so that the overt elements gradually diminish. The residuals of parental control are always present when, following familial patterns and influences, the young adult shows honesty, truthfulness, courage, dependability, or the reverse. These traits are operative when the now mature adolescent forsakes his infantile disregard of others and undertakes to live with social understanding when he competes in the promotion of an harmonious way of life for all."

In these days of authoritarian states, when the word "authority" has come to have such an unfortunate connotation, it is important to realize its significance as a necessary attribute to growth. Submission to certain authority is a part of the discipline of communal living, and, as Dr. Wile states, "the adolescent who does not know wherein authority lies is unhappy and confused."

As he develops a sense of values, as he evolves ideals and principles, as he shows himself capable of making his own decisions, the dictates (authorities) of his life design become apparent, and he has reached man's estate.

All things are possible to those who, through understanding guidance and self-searching, learn to know themselves as individuals prepared to take their place in a community of individuals. Dr. Wile has many practical suggestions to make as to procedures that will lead youth to such realization.

This is a comprehensive, profoundly sympathetic study of adolescence.

MARY D. EDMONDS

DECADE 1929-1939. by STEPHEN LONGSTREET (Random House, $2.50).

For anyone who has packed his most intensive experience of living into the decade just over, this in many ways brilliant first novel will hold much interest. At least it had much to say to your reviewer, who belongs to the aforementioned group. For, while one may argue whether Mr. Longstreet's people live up to the complete promise of his preface (that they would "come, go, run, walk, and live, and love and die"), the crazy-quilt ten-year span is remarkably compressed and caught here.

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The march of time is the real hero, and death and decay the heroines in the saga of the Rowlandsons. Time and change are the puppet masters who pull the strings of the inevitable destiny pursuing this royal American family, to pry it loose from the security of Cliff Tor, its Hudson haven, and set its members free in a hostile world which each conquers in his own way. The Rowlandson Corporation is another important figure, its setting the Jersey meadows, where it survives the panic of 1907 and the roaring 'twenties, only then to crash with so many others. Stephen Mather, of peasant Hungarian stock, married to a Rowlandson, keenly foresaw its danger and paid dearly for trying to avert it.

The narrative — dominated by the character termed the Old One, a die-hard of eighty-eight as the story opens — comes in dots and flashes, journalistic jottings: a diary of dates and events. The writing is more cinematic than dramatic. It's heady stuff, with an undercurrent of mockery which bespeaks youth and disenchantment both. At times, the writing is as crude and unheeding and violent as the decade it mirrors — and as arresting — like the jerky movements of the dance in Saroyan's "Great American Goof" ballet but without the fantasy. Mr. Longstreet, with something of a juggler's expertness, keeps his personality symbols on the move.

The reader foresees the pattern, but still he must go on, even when he mistrusts some piece of melodrama or some too "straight" character or when the flippancy annoys him. He grows to like and understand most of the Rowlandson clan, though he may not quite believe in them. What they lack in verisimilitude they make up for by being representative. One remembers frequently Philip Barry's injunction: "With the rich and mighty always a little patience"! The tempo of the story quickens with the mounting chaos of the times. The bewilderment evident in most sensitive novelists today is very much in evidence here.

Decade's virtue as a novel lies in the stabs of remembrance it evokes, in the intensity with which it reconstructs a past only just (but we somehow know certainly) finished.

E. V. A.

STATESMEN OF THE LOST CAUSE (*Jefferson Davis and His Cabinet*), by BURTON J. HENDRICK (Little, Brown, $3.75).

Historians of the Confederacy often sprinkle their narratives with "ifs," to lend drama and pathos to an otherwise heroic but sad period in American history. Mr. Hendrick has this same weakness or, rather, virtue, for he is expert in pointing up the crises at which Confederate victory was imminent.

"Here is the economic setting for understanding 'The Grapes of Wrath'."—CHARLES A. BEARD

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If Beauregard had pursued the routed federal army into Washington after the first battle of Bull Run; if the Confederacy had shipped her cotton crop abroad in 1861 and 1862 to create much-needed cash credits in England and France; if the French and English governments had released from their shipyards all the ironclads ordered by the Confederate navy; if the governors of North Carolina and Georgia had not been such strong constitutionalists and at the same time carried States' rights to such an extreme — these and a host of other possibilities are analyzed in this engrossing study of the statesmanship and diplomacy of the Confederacy, through the brief biographies of her leaders.

In his preface, Mr. Hendrick says that the secret of Southern failure lay in civil rather than military affairs and that the civil leaders were drawn from the new rich, the upcountrymen, rather than the tidewater aristocrats. To support his contention he presents a brilliant series of portraits: Jeff Davis in his austerity and arrogance; Alex Stephens, Vice President of the Confederacy, an idealist who was instrumental in wrecking the hopes of the South; Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State and an astute legalist; Mason and Slidell (famous in Northern history for nearly bringing about a war with England), who nearly succeeded in getting English and French recognition of the Confederacy as an independent nation. In addition to the leaders, a host of significant but relatively unknown figures are brought to life, including Henry Hotze, the able press agent of the Confederacy in London; Baron Erlanger, a French banker who swindled the Confederacy out of several millions in greatly needed cash; and Stephen R. Mallory, Confederate Secretary of Navy, who alone in Davis' cabinet kept his job throughout the war.

Personalities in Mr. Hendrick's narrative sometimes obscure the issues, as in the treatment of the cotton surplus of 1860 in England and France. As a rule, however, they add infinite color to otherwise dry statistics — for example, the analysis of Memminger's mind before the discussion of his policies as Secretary of the Treasury. Although Mr. Hendrick's prejudices seem to lie a little with the Yankees, he has written a history which should appeal to the most unreconstructed rebel left in South Carolina; for he treats the leaders of the lost cause with sympathy, understanding, and admiration for their courage in the face of overwhelming odds.

JOHN J. SLOCUM

THE OTHER GERMANY. by ERIKA and KLAUS MANN (Modern Age, $2.75).

THE CRADLE BUILDER. by WALTER SCHOENSTEDT (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50).

When Erika and Klaus Mann began speaking on lecture platforms in this country, they were at first embarrassed by a peculiarly American custom: their audiences expected them to answer questions from the floor. After a while they got used to these cross-examinations, even came to like them. Now they have written *The Other Germany* in reply to so many of their listeners who feel that present-day Germany is a sort of colossal riddle to which there must be some secret key.

To say that the German nation is really very little different from any other nation is reasonable— but the Manns have found that this isn't a satisfying answer. Nor do facts and statistics entirely satisfy. Only in terms of the human and personal, through incident and interpretation, can Americans be convinced of "the other Germany," the reasonable, un-Nazi, anti-Nazi nation that does still exist. And so this book is filled with people and their stories. The small shopkeeper squeezed out of business in Vienna seems indeed very little different from his American counterpart. The teacher, the student, the servant girl, the man of good will but faint heart become only too recognizable.

In making their plea for the German people and against its rulers, however, the Manns ask more than American tolerance. Although they do not urge our participation in what they feel is a just war against Hitler, they think we should take part in an eventual peace settlement. They are confident that peace will bring a democratic Europe, united in a federation of free states. There is something very moving in their confidence and hope. They who belonged to the skeptical youth of the Republic look to a future republic with passionate faith. Whether or not you can share their trust in what the powers will finally do with their unfortunate fatherland, it is impossible to read their testament without excitement and sympathy.

One of the silent thousands of exiles, who have neither writing nor lectures to turn to, is the subject of Walter Schoenstedt's sensitive novel, *The Cradle Builder*. For all its overtones of international politics, the story is essentially that of a boy in love, alternately hesitant and eager about life in a new country. Like the Manns, Mr. Schoenstedt has a singular power of touching the American reader.

MARY L. ELTING

I BEGIN AGAIN. by ALICE BRETZ (Whittlesey, $1.75).

HAVE YOU LOST GOD?. by WINFRED RHOADES (Lippincott, $1.00).

These two little books have something remarkably uncommon in common, a recovery of faith and a confident belief in the renewal of life through living.

Mrs. Bretz, when not yet at the middle span of a

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full and happy life, lost her sight. She passed from a reverie in color images and visual memories through months in a hospital and in a deathlike coma. Gradually courage came to her. This is the autobiography of a woman without self-pity, who can insist in her quiet fable of fortitude that she "did not have one single virtue that was not the result of education and of environment." But, if the story of this physician's wife lacks pathos, it lights up with human feeling and demonstrates clearly once more the value of not taking one-self too seriously under even the most tragic of circumstances.

Mr. Rhoades, the author of a number of widely read FORUM articles, served successive terms as journalist, academic head, and pastor, till he underwent the fire of a prolonged physical breakdown and incapacitation. His faith knew Joblike tests, labored, and brought forth a pyramid of spiritual comfort. Just as Mrs. Bretz has carried solace to hundreds through the story of her personal experience, so Mr. Rhoades, a lifetime student of psychology and psychiatry, conducts individual conferences and classes in thought control in the Boston Dispensary today. He holds that, "if the thought of God is nothing more than a mental opiate, you do not want the thought of God."

E. V. A.

THESE WERE THE BRONTËS, by DOROTHY H. CORNISH (Macmillan, $2.50).

A fictionalized biography of the Brontë family, with Charlotte centered but Emily, Anne, and the others not neglected. Much is made of the paternal influence on Charlotte's development and also of the friendship with Monsieur Heger at Brussels. An interesting account of this extraordinarily gifted family, evincing a thorough study of sources.

D. de K.

ON A DARKLING PLAIN, by WALLACE STEGNER (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00).

Mr. Stegner belongs, loosely, to the young crop of imaginative writers, newly sprouted, like Prokosch, Dan Wickenden, Millen Brand, Saroyan, etc.

Young Vickers, in 1918, fresh from war and a gassing, hikes west to the dry dust plains beyond Saskatchewan, to try to find himself far from the seeming lunacy of a lost world left behind him. How he becomes a reintegrated personality and rediscovers the need for human fellowship is the theme — the ancient one of the return of the soldier — treated not unoriginally and affording also a brief love idyll. There is much promise and some pleasant poeticizing here — and, in the story's starkness, a kind of beauty often found in etchings of winter scapes.

E. V. A.

The Reviewers

GEORGE DANGERFIELD — *lecturer, critic, and writer — is the author of* The Rise and Fall of Liberal England.

ELEANOR VAN ALEN, *an associate editor of* THE FORUM, *has contributed book reviews to a number of magazines and newspapers. She is a former Literary Editor of the* North American Review.

G. K. NOBLE *is Curator of Herpatology at the American Museum of Natural History.*

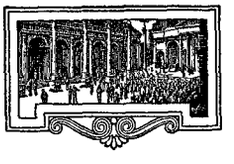
RUTH PICKERING *is a former Managing Editor of the* North American Review.

DRAKE DE KAY, *onetime editor at Brentano's, is a writer of articles and short stories.*

MARY D. EDMONDS *is a member of the teaching and advisory staff at the Ethical Culture School. She has written a juvenile, whose scene is in Newfoundland, to be published soon.*

JOHN J. SLOCUM *is a former staff member of and contributor to the* North American Review.

MARY L. ELTING, *a writer of* FORUM *book reviews for some time, was previously with the literary agency of Paul R. Reynolds & Son.*



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Our Rostrum

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. *Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

TWIG VS. VERNER

To the Editor:

Though many persons in Charleston will write you that my article ["Charleston: The Great Myth," January FORUM] is false I am confident that not one will be able to say wherein it is false. I have seen the Charleston papers and though I find myself attacked because I have torn the veil from the temple not one ardent bush-beater has dealt with the article or any of its contents.

A visiting Englishman (two days in Charleston) had a great deal to say about various matters not discussed in the article and I sincerely hope that he gets at least two dinner invitations for his pains.

There have been the usual politician's answers; one lovely vista made to cover the entire city, and the mere existence of certain gentry are deemed sufficient to offset dirty politics and the rest of it.

The fact that Charleston had the first railroad terminus is the ready answer to the indisputable fact that the town is but a poor relic of what it was. "An empty cage" as James put it so many years ago.

It may interest you to know that a certain professor, retired, with all the good will in the world is going to write the "answer" to my article. This "answer" will appear no doubt in the town paper, and it does not take psychic powers on my part to predict that it will deal with every known subject of a Charlestonian nature except those put forth in the Myth article. For it is one of Charleston's undying traditions to make what charm it has cover a multitude of sins, and evasion is as good as sticking to the point.

Taken paragraph by paragraph the article defies any but the most adept evader.

I conceded Charleston's past glory and what she has left of it. Her climate is magnificent, and the surrounding country enough to repay any tourist a thousand times over. The "back road" to Summerville has one of the most beautiful spots in America, along the way to Magnolia Gardens, which are more ethereal than any man has yet been able to express. These things are all true, but they do not alter the fact that Charleston is not what the fabulists say she is.

With no trouble and much pleasure I could write thousands of words about Charleston and the Low Country which would please the most fervent Charlestonian or would-be Charlestonian. But none of it would refute the facts of my Myth article and neither will all the glowing, near-hysterical paeans of the myth-worshippers which my article will set to boiling fiercer than ever.

There are countless people in Charleston who are in absolute agreement with the article but who can not afford to say so publicly. Nobody knows as well as the Charlestonians themselves how true are the things that I said.

Mrs. Verner's etchings are of carefully chosen spots in a very small section of the city. Her sentimental studies would turn into social propaganda if she ever went "above the drain," and above Calhoun Street (where there is the largest section of the city) she would have to search for her material, though there are forgotten old ruins up there which would serve wonderfully for proof of what time and history has done to Charleston; stark reminders of what great old houses come to if not kept up or restored by damyankees.

Mrs. Verner should realize that no etchings of the unsung but too real Charleston exist. If they did THE FORUM would not have had to illustrate the article with one of the myth-loving school. Etchings of the real Charleston call for more vital talent. . . .

I was as surprised and as appalled as she was to see her etching within the pages of my article. I would not have consented to its presence. I collect etchings, but not hers.

EDWARD TWIG

To the Editor:

Mr. Twig's article . . . was too lengthy and monotonous to read, but I gather from the title that Mr. Twig does not like Charleston. I do. Therefore I resent having an etching of mine accompanying his text.

It is easy to understand Kennedy & Co.'s position in lending my etching. . . . I . . . feel sure it was with kindly intent. . . . Up to this time all accounts of Charleston have been uniformly pleasant, and it was naturally taken for granted that there could be no other point of view. . . .

My recently published book, *Prints and Impressions*, expresses my sentiments in regard to Charleston. Nevertheless, I would like to state publicly that the etching illustrating your article was used without my knowledge or permission.

ELIZABETH O'NEILL VERNER

Charleston, S. C.

The Editors regret that space is unavailable this month for further discussion of the Charleston crisis. If possible, the battle will be joined once more in the April issue.

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Praise for Mr. Stevens

Readers' opinions about "What Has Happened to Sea Power?" William Oliver Stevens' lucid and fascinating article in our February issue, are uniformly in agreement with those of the Editors.

Max Wylie, of the Columbia Broadcasting System, in New York, writes:

I consider the piece an admirable and engrossing clarification of one of the most vexed and complicated questions of history. It is vivid and spunky and intelligent and irresistibly logical, and I congratulate you on publishing a piece, the immediacy of whose revelations will be felt and appreciated by many thousands of readers.

Lawrence B. Cummings, a former captain in the United States Army, has this to say:

For years Dr. Stevens has been an outstanding authority on the history of the navies of the world. His keen analysis of the Battle of Jutland differed from all others in that it was based solely on knowledge of the facts and not on political or patriotic bias.

It would seem that this latest article springs from the same determination to search out truth. Because he has found the real reason for the decline of the power of surface battleships his discussion is both valuable and timely in the present controversy over new expenditures for our own national defense.

And a retired army colonel, William Buerkle, of San Francisco, comments:

In my opinion your "What Has Happened to Sea Power?" is one of the most intelligent articles ever written and exceptionally truthful and timely.

The Man Who 'Was a Jew'

To the Editor:

In the January issue of your publication you printed an article called "I Was a Jew." I have, for a long period, read The Forum carefully and I have always found its standards to be exceptionally high. For that reason, I was astonished to find such an absurd piece of writing given space in its pages.

Does The Forum . . . condone . . . ? Does The Forum advocate . . . ? . . .

. . . . . .

But why did The Forum publish "I Was a Jew"?

Gene Broadwin

New York, N. Y.

Let it be stated once more that, in printing this article or any other, The Forum *does not "condone," "advocate," or otherwise sponsor the author's point of view. It merely gives him a hearing.* The Forum's *pages are always open to replies to controversial articles such as "I Was a Jew," and such replies are accepted or rejected according to the same editorial standards as all other material.* The Forum *is not afraid of being charged with anti-Semitism. It has frequently taken the lead in exposing anti-Semitic movements. If the point of view of the anonymous author of "I Was a Jew" is unadmirable or dangerous, then it is better that it has seen the light of day where all who run may read and judge it, rather than been buried for fear of the hostility it might arouse. The writer made statements which are often spoken, seldom printed.* The Forum *can see no hope of successfully combating anti-Semitism or of helping unassimilated racial groups lead a happier existence through a policy of uncritical silence.*

To the Editor:

I do most sincerely tender you my personal and my dear friends' protest against the article appearing in your January issue titled "I Was a Jew," by an unsigned author. It is the opinion of my friends as well as myself that it is a most vicious anti-Semitic article that intends to criticize and condemn a race of people solely because of the fact that their worship of God is of a different kind. I need not cite from the article, as it is most offensive from beginning to the end. Jews everywhere throughout the world as well as here in America have been most loyal and have given up their lives in whatever country they have made their home in. A good God-fearing Jew is a good American Jew, and the kind the author represents himself to be is that of a damnable, cowardly, and traitorous renegade Jew (if Jew he is). Please issue a statement that this is not the magazine's opinion but merely the crackpot's idea.

Hyman Rubin

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

The Jew believes both that there are many ways to God and that the tree is benefited when the dead leaves fall. Therefore the anonymous writer of the article "I Was a Jew" is free if he wishes to leave the religious community of Israel. But America does not give him freedom to traduce his Jewish people by repeating parrot carpings about the chosen people. He should know that this phrase does not occur in the Bible or in Jewish life. Jews have never referred to themselves as the chosen people; it has been the pious Christian world that has honored them with this designation.

. . . . . .

. . . I know of the deeply Hebraic Puritan culture which was so influential in molding the character of our America, and I cannot be convinced that those who inherit Hebraic culture in America are necessarily "semialien" or "medieval-minded," and that they cannot be "good Americans." I know also of the innumerable Jewish pioneers who helped open up the West, who lived among the Indians, who toiled with their hands in developing America generations before your anonymous contributor an-

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nounced his discovery that in order to do these things one must cease to be a Jew.

As the rabbi of a synagogue founded in New York City in 1655, and which has given to our country patriots, pioneers and statesmen from Asser Levy nearly three centuries ago to the late Justice Cardozo, I am saddened that the Americanism of your contributor, who was formerly a Jew, should know nothing of this aspect of the American story. . . .

. . . He is possessed by a craven fear that America is not big enough to give a square deal to the Jew. I prefer to believe that only an America which does not demand recreancy to inherited ideals but which accepts the Jewish citizen frankly as a Jew is consonant with American traditions of freedom and human equality.

D. de Sola Pool

Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

Although I am a Protestant minister and not a Jew, the anonymous article . . . fills me with great concern. Can it be that the State has become God for this erstwhile Jew? . . .

I am heartily in sympathy with Mr. Anonymous' desire to strip Judaism of race, creed, blood, clannishness, religious superiority, etc. — all those elements not in harmony with the Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man. . . .

. . . At the same time, he should qualify his Americanism by declaring: "I am an American citizen. But more than this — I am a religious person. I am no longer a Jew of race or blood, the Chosen or Zionist Jew, but a Jew who gives his highest allegiance to the one universal God. . . ."

Paul Gia Russo

First Congregational Church
Oak Lawn, Ill.

A Correction

To the Editor:

I deeply regret an error made in the final typing of the Baltimore article ["Elegant, Indigent Baltimore," February Forum], in which the word *Conservatory* is substituted for *Library*. Gerald W. Johnson is quoted as saying "The Peabody Conservatory has had only one gift of $10,000 since 1857." The sentence should have read "The Peabody Library has had . . ." When I checked these statements with Mr. Johnson he also missed the substitution.

Audrey Granneberg

Washington, D. C.

Forum Quiz Answers

1. (b) *Dorothy Parker* [Title: "Résumé," from *Not So Deep as a Well*, published by Viking.]
2. (c) *retired* [Former Chairman of Board of General Electric.]
3. (b) *seaweed* [main source of medical iodine]
4. (b) *thirty-five*
5. (d) *paint American legends* [The first is "Parson Weems's Fable" — about George Washington and the cherry tree — which has just been completed.]
6. (a) *Count Galeazzo Ciano* [the apparent successor to Musso, if there is anything left to succeed to]
7. (c) *performs both of the foregoing processes* [the net plus or minus of bodily growth]
8. (b) *Carl Sandburg* [His famous "Fog," from *Chicago Poems*, published by Holt.]
9. (b) *lungfish* [It sleeps in the mud of dried-up African creek beds for many months and has been known to live in this way as long as four years, meantime breathing air.]
10. (c) *the whale* [About 14,000 pounds at birth. Elephant baby is usually about 175 pounds. The goofus bird is the one who flies backward so he can see where he's been. The side-hill gouger is the famous Kentucky mammal whose front legs are shorter than the hind, for ease in feeding on steep hillsides.]
11. (a) *Iran* [Iraq is west of Iran, and Saudi Arabia is south of both.]
12. (a) *he is coming straight down the hill* [without checking speed]
13. (b) *"Billy" Phelps* [Formally, William Lyon Phelps. Copeland and Kittredge are Harvard men.]
14. (b) *Hollywood* [The film industry is generally considered an influence on popularly priced wear rather than a "creative" source.]
15. (a) *extremely tall players*
16. (c) *The Reich must win quickly or lose slowly.* [The same "experts" are setting this spring as the date of a great German offensive.]
17. (b) *"Tom, how's the office-equipment business?"* [Watson is President of International Business Machine Corporation.]
18. (a) *hunting game with bow and arrow* [Some fifteen States have recognized this as an accepted method of game hunting.]
19. (c) *Rigoletto*
20. (a) *Charles Lamb* [His famous *Dissertation upon Roast Pig*.]
21. *trucculent* [should be "truculent"]
22. (d) *All Quiet on the Western Front*
23. (a) *an "a fortiori" argument* [Means "with greater force," "all the more" — said of a conclusion which, as compared with some other, is even more certain or necessary. Socratic irony is pretended ignorance or willingness to learn, assumed to make another's errors conspicuous. A paradox is a statement contrary to accepted opinion or common sense but nevertheless true in fact, a statement which may or may not be self-contradictory.]
24. (b) *Marriner S. Eccles, of Utah*
25. (a) *no choice at all* [However, any answer here will do, since for poor Herkimer they amount to pretty much the same thing. Hobson was an English innkeeper of the seventeenth century who let out horses but always told hirers they must ride the horse stabled next to the door, thus giving them no choice. All answers correct.]

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Suicide Doctor

by **WELDON MELICK**

If Dr. Harry M. Warren had a medal for every life he's saved in the past thirty-two years, he wouldn't be able to stagger around under the load. But he doesn't need anything to commemorate his achievement except the knowledge that thirty thousand souls are enjoying or have enjoyed years that wouldn't have been lived, have accomplished things that wouldn't have been possible, if Warren or one of his cohorts hadn't talked them out of committing suicide.

The National Save-A-Life League, of which Dr. Warren is the President and founder, has reduced its system of saving a dozen lives a day to efficient, well-regulated, card-catalogued office routine. A capable field staff runs down leads and rounds up prospects, and, until recent years, Dr. Warren was the high-pressure "closer" or supersalesman against whose arguments the most determined self-destructionist broke down and consented to go on living. Less than a score have resisted his persuasions to the extent of going out and jumping off another roof or drinking another bottle of poison. For the sake of his own health, Dr. Warren now delegates the more strenuous part of the work to his assistant, Miss L. B. Bonnell, but he is still the guiding force of the organization.

Churches, hospitals, courts, medical examiners, clipping bureaus, and police report to the Save-A-Life League's New York office on unsuccessful suicide attempts. The despondent persons are visited personally or asked to call at the office, if they live in New York. Others get a correspondence course on the folly of harakiri from Dr. Warren himself. When relatives or friends of the prospective deceased are alarmed over a threatened or attempted self-murder, they can call League headquarters at any time of day or night, and a lifesaving squad will rush to the spot to cauterize the dangerous mental infection with sound logic. Some troubled souls appear of their own accord, willing to keep up the struggle if someone can figure out a good reason for it.

One of the stock tricks of the persuaders is to invent a pretext for postponing the act a day or two — the desire usually wanes.

Many would-be suicides are good Christians at heart and susceptible to religious arguments.

Brass-tack analysis works on others, replacing the glamour of a phantom martyrdom with sordid, slightly nauseating "before" and "after" word pictures. ("You don't really hate your body enough to destroy it. You don't hate it at all. You like it. Look at this leg. It's a fine leg — it doesn't want to be crushed to a bloody pulp when you jump off the Empire State Building. See, it even jerks away from a little harmless pinching. What a pity it would be to make mincemeat of such a splendid leg.")

A third of the prospects are mental cases, and are submitted to psychiatrists. The rest are treated with human sympathy and understanding. Often, just a chance to unburden their minds will bring into focus the pattern of their lives.

Whatever it is they need, the League tries to bridge their slough of despair and put them on solid ground. Sometimes a meal ticket or a night's lodging will turn the trick — or free legal advice or medical aid. Such cases are referred to the proper social-welfare organizations. The staff has helped to obtain widows' and old-age pensions; assisted in procuring jobs; written letters; established personal, home, or friendly connections for desperate strangers and foreigners. It has arranged for remorse-stricken persons to return stolen money anonymously and helped pregnant girls through their ordeal without their parents'

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finding out (which saves two lives at once) and in one instance even induced the incipient father's estranged wife to divorce him in order to give the baby a square deal.

Another time it patched up the home life of an eighteen-year-old girl who later confessed she was ready to kill her husband (who had abandoned her), his two extracurricular sweethearts, herself, and her unborn child.

The League sends children of suicides to summer camps every year and annually distributes Christmas baskets to families bereaved by suicide.

Radio addresses have furthered the work of the League, which is supported by several thousand voluntary contributors throughout the country.

Cases from the Files

Persons with superior mental gifts that make them invaluable to society are paradoxically the most apt purposely to plant their footsteps in eternity — if the League doesn't get to them first. Among the N.S.A.L.L.'s satisfied customers are large numbers of teachers, lawyers, doctors, actors, and engineers. And Dr. Warren, himself a former Baptist minister now seventy-three years old, has been instrumental in preventing the self-inflicted deaths of sixty clergymen of all creeds and denominations.

Salvation frequently consists in finding an activity to engage the thoughts and energies of those who think there is no place in the world for them. One widowed and retired preacher was given the after-school punishment of searching the Bible for admonitions against suicide. He became intensely interested and prepared a pamphlet on the subject.

"Many of us expect and demand too much," says Warren. "We believe the world owes us happiness merely because we were born. We do not realize that happiness is an achievement and not an inheritance."

Every one of us believes he stands out from the common herd. When circumstances definitely sweep away our private proofs of superiority, apparently beyond redemption, there isn't one among us who isn't capable of thinking of suicide. We can convince ourselves that the world is against us and stew in such poisonous thoughts until bloated with despair. But often the sympathy of one person, even a stranger, is enough to dispel the illusion that nobody cares.

A civil engineer unable to get work, feeling himself a burden to his daughter, planned to end it all in Long Island Sound.

But his daughter's dog, which idolized him, followed along and wouldn't go back.

He found he couldn't do the cowardly deed with the dog watching and returned, planning to lock the dog up and drown himself the next day. Then, in the morning, he saw a newspaper item about the League and paid its office a visit.

Dr. Warren advised him to give up the futile job quest and make himself useful around his daughter's home.

Subsequently, a neighbor noticed the improvements he had made about the place, learned his qualifications, and gave him a contract for a substantial amount of work.

Many a man has been dissuaded from an insurance suicide by having it pointed out to him that his widow, subjected to the emotional strain of an unnatural tragedy and with his example before her, may yield to the same impulse. In fact the widow of a suicide is considered a rush case, and the League gets to her as quickly as possible with its preventive treatment.

Certain cases call for strange cures.

There was the fellow whose friends were alarmed by his declared intentions into sending around a police officer, who found the man holding a pistol to his temple. "Drop that gun, or I'll shoot!" the cop yelled, pointing his own revolver.

The man instinctively let go and threw up his hands.

That and some trenchant reasoning brought him to his senses.

One of the toughest clients was a man who came in for the express purpose of beating up Dr. Warren because he interfered in other people's lives, after which he proposed to make a laughingstock of the League by committing suicide on its nice clean rug or perhaps out of its convenient twelfth-story windows.

One of the women assistants informed him that Dr. Warren was out of town — but wouldn't she do?

The man had had the kind of upbringing that didn't permit him to beat up a woman, even when she told him he was a blight on the human race, that she was sure Dr. Warren

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wouldn't consider him worth saving, but that he could come back later and verify this fact for himself if he cared to.

This was just one of the thousands of psychological tricks which the staff is prepared to use at a moment's notice and which might be fatal to the wrong patient. However, the diagnostician sensed that this individual was prepared for preaching but couldn't take derision.

He kept on living, just for spite.

A man who had planned his death to the day and hour had a wife who sensed what was in his mind and the same day read something about the League in a newspaper. She made him read it and exacted a promise that he would talk to Dr. Warren the following day.

He walked around the block the office was in and stood on the corner an hour but couldn't bring himself to break his promise, so finally went in and learned with great relief that Dr. Warren was out.

His wife made him come back once more, but no argument could deter him from his intention to make his exit the following Tuesday, before his insurance premium was due. Miss Bonnell followed him out of the office, trying to get his promise to return. "We'll see you Monday," she said. "Good-by," he answered. "I'm not coming back." She planted herself in front of the elevator and kept him talking.

He insisted the insurance was the only way he could provide for his family — the only other way that offered itself was a dishonest proposition. But he refused to do anything against the law. He couldn't imagine anything worse than for the apple of his eye to know her grandfather had been a criminal.

But Miss Bonnell could — and won her point then by convincing him that the stigma of a suicide would be far worse for the little girl. He agreed to come back the first of the week, which gave her time to arrange for his insurance payment, thereby erasing his arbitrary deadline, and then to find a job for him.

He comes in occasionally to thank her.

The files are full of records of patients who passed the crisis safely, but, of course, now and again one is lost.

After talking with one girl, the League recommended to her mother and brother that she be placed in an asylum, where she could be constantly watched. This was done, but she seemed so rational that when the asylum was willing to release her the brother consented. Shortly after, she ended her life by jumping from a window.

Don't Obey That Impulse!

Dr. Warren has had so much experience with all phases of the suicide business that he is probably one of the best authorities in the country on that subject.

He knows, for instance, that June is the most fashionable month for suicides as well as for weddings, December being least in favor. The first of the month is picked most frequently; Monday, after a week end of brooding, is the favorite day; and six or seven o'clock at night, after a long day of job seeking is the popular hour. Tuesday at 11 A.M. is also in great favor. Girls kill themselves more often than boys, up to the age of nineteen, usually over unrequited love. From then on, men take the lead in diving off the deep end, prompted most frequently by business failure. From nineteen to thirty-nine, only half or a third as many women as men are likely prospects for the Rope's End Reclamation Bureau, and, over forty, only a sixth as many. Married persons have a lower rate than single persons, and single persons lower than those widowed or divorced. Boys most frequently choose hanging, and women are less successful in results.

There is a suicide oftener than every half-hour in the United States.

The National Save-A-Life League believes that the total of twenty thousand a year could be reduced to a negligible number if each one could be reached by a trained worker from the League or a similar organization while shopping for a one-way ticket. The League's experience has shown that nearly everyone contemplating suicide can be persuaded not to do it, as the impulse is almost always short-lived and seldom strong enough to face organized opposition.

Dr. Warren and his helpers have considerably lowered the suicide rate in New York City, which undoubtedly holds bigger and better disappointments than any other city in the world and whose tall hotels attract hordes of despondents who want a metropolitan setting for the final fling.

Yet the Save-A-Life League has no elixir of life save hope and courage. When it administers a shot of that, the patient is vaccinated for life against voluntary death.

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Robert H. Jackson

The Man Who Has Always Been a New Dealer

by **MARQUIS W. CHILDS**

It would be difficult to give any abstract definition of that convenient Washington figment, the New Dealer. Ardent Administration sympathizers invoke an almost incredibly noble individual when they use the phrase. On the lips of the enemy, the term has sulphurous connotations. Lacking a definition, perhaps the New Dealer can be defined by example. And the best example, most Washington observers agree, is Robert H. Jackson. If there is any single individual who represents all the qualities that commonly inhere in the term, it is the man who has just been made Attorney General of the United States.

President Roosevelt is, of course, the creator, the author, of the New Deal. But the embodiment of his ideal is Jackson. In part, at least, both officialdom and the press have recognized this fact. Many people in and out of the government have said since 1936 that Jackson would be Roosevelt's ideal successor. From time to time there has been the suggestion that the President himself inclined to this view. Often this suggestion has been linked to rumors that steps would be taken to build Jackson up with the public so that he might have a chance for the nomination.

Even now these rumors have been revived in connection with his appointment as Attorney General. Actually, of course, if the President had wanted to groom Jackson as his successor — as Roosevelt I groomed Taft to run in his place — he would not have waited until this eleventh hour to put him in a cabinet post. If he had been sincerely interested in seeing Jackson acquire the attributes of eligibility, he would have appointed him Attorney General at the time of Homer Cummings' resignation, more than a year ago. To follow on the political administration of the amiable Cummings was, for a New Dealer, the perfect opportunity.

Frank Murphy stepped into that situation and took for himself the sweetest publicity bouquet of the entire Roosevelt Administration. Garnering a harvest of headlines, Murphy tended to neglect many of the far-reaching functions of the Department of Justice. Acting in certain income-tax cases, notably that of "Boss" Pendergast, he postponed others with even more serious political implications, in spite of the repeated urging of the Treasury. He let loose a series of doubtful espionage prosecutions, talking loosely of deporting "boatloads" of undesirable aliens. Friction, confusion, and delay seriously hampered the flow of work in the vast department under his care. Those behind the scenes in Washington, including President Roosevelt himself, it appears, were aware of the somewhat unhappy situation developing in the Department of Justice while the legend of Murphy the boss buster was growing to heroic proportions.

II

It is into this situation that Jackson has now been precipitated. Within less than a year he must resolve a number of thorny problems involving political potentialities and sensitivities in various key States. How such an appointment could serve to build him up, even for the vice presidency, on which rumor now centers, it is difficult to see.

In many respects this is typical of his experience in the New Deal. This is not the first time he has been told off to do an unpleasant front-line job. Invariably he has responded with the selflessness which has characterized his public service. In Jackson, the Washington climate has not produced that elephantiasis of the ego which has been, perhaps, the occupational disease of the New Deal. He has retained a remarkable balance through it all. If

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the rise and fall of his personal fortunes have concerned the new Attorney General, he has shown no sign of it, perhaps because he has been too busy.

In the latter days of the New Deal's diminution it was Jackson who as Solicitor General held the fort for the ideals and objectives that were part of the very fiber of his being long before the New Deal was heard of. The term of the Supreme Court ending in June of last year saw the making of legal history of a nature so far-reaching that only close students of the Court are aware of its implications for the future. And it is these same students of the Court who realize how much Jackson had to do with the legal pioneering written into opinion after opinion.

Under his persistent, intelligent attack, the meaning of the "commerce" clause of the Constitution has been enlarged and extended to cover functions of government essential in a complex and swiftly changing world. On almost the only front left to the New Deal he constantly pushed ahead, at the same time exerting every effort to prevent the legal sniping that has so often in the past cut down the structure of reform.

It was an unspectacular task, endless days and nights of preparation and then the long grind of the court term itself. During the term ending in June, Jackson argued twenty-four cases, more than any solicitor general in the history of the government. And, of those twenty-four cases, the government lost only one, a record perhaps never before equaled by any of the distinguished legal lights who have occupied the solicitor's office.

In a similarly unspectacular fashion Jackson has exerted an influence on the course of the New Deal far greater than persons on the outside have realized. He has worked for the appointment to high office of men whom he believed worthy. He has raised his voice in defense of New Deal aims and objectives at times when the cause seemed lost. And he stepped into the breach knowing very well what it might mean in terms of his own immediate political future.

The Washington columnists were inclined, prior to his recent appointment, to write him off the books. Politically, they said, he was as dead as a doornail. However true that might have been for the moment, it is also true that in a curious way he stands head and shoulders above most of those who have survived within the Roosevelt Administration. Perhaps this is because he has sacrificed nothing for position or place. Ambition has overtaken many in the inner New Deal council — amateurs who have been drawn into the orbit of power politics. And the consequences have not been too happy. Many contemporary Washington figures seem to have been eroded by the passage of time. But Jackson's stature has not been impaired.

III

THE REASON may lie in the fact that he has his roots deeper in a solid background of experience. He is identified by birth and achievement with that corner of northwestern New York and Pennsylvania lying along the shore of Lake Erie, a country with a sharp flavor of its own, rolling and fertile. The first Jacksons to move into the region were a hardy pioneering tribe who brought with them a belief in an elementary democracy diametrically opposed to the Federalist assumptions of their fellow settlers.

The Jacksons were to remain Democrats through a century and a half in a sternly Republican neighborhood. That fact and the Dutch inheritance from his mother's side of the family, the Houghwouts, may explain the Attorney General's stubborn determination to fight it out on what he believes to be the American line if it takes a lifetime. This stubbornness is concealed beneath a natural ease of manner. Behind his genial friendliness, the warm blue glint of his eyes, is an understanding of human motives and desires that may come out of his background.

Robert Jackson was born on the Jackson farm at Spring Creek, Pennsylvania, on February 13, 1892. A precocious youngster, he absorbed all the learning available in the neighborhood, and while still in his middle teens was sent off to study law at Albany, New York. At twenty-one he hung out his lawyer's shingle in Jamestown, New York, the metropolis of his native region.

Every variety of case was to come his way in those early years. Labor unions and substantial corporations in the community were among his clients. The range of his practice was such as few young men in this day of specializa-

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tion ever know. Many of the bright young men brought down to Washington by the New Deal went directly from Harvard and Yale to a specialized niche in some great New York firm. At thirty or thirty-five they would not know as much law as Jackson knew at twenty-five.

His close associate in the early years was Ernest Cawcroft, a lawyer with a deep sense of the public responsibility of his profession, one of a now almost vanished species. An attorney at law, in Cawcroft's view owed a duty of leadership, both moral and intellectual, to the community. They made an interesting pair, the older man and the younger. In between cases there was time for argument and discussion about the way the world was going. Its course was not altogether to their liking. They decided between them that it was wrong for the United States to enter the World War and during all the beating of the tom-toms after 1917 they held to this point of view. In a town where everyone knows you, that takes a great deal of courage.

At the outset of the present war in Europe, Jackson was concerned over the shrill cries of alarm that came from the Administration in Washington, with all attention diverted away from domestic issues, as indeed it had been for a number of months before the declaration of hostilities. Jackson's effort has been to switch attention back to unsolved national problems of the gravest importance. Inheriting perhaps the earthy realism of his pioneering ancestors, Jackson is aware that, if Americans are completely diverted again by the tragedy of Europe, it may finally be too late to put our own democracy in order.

As his practice grew, Jackson was more and more identified with the business life of Jamestown. Repeatedly he found himself on the side of the local enterprise, the native industry, that was fighting for independence, resisting the encroachments of monopoly control. For years he fought the battles of the Jamestown Telephone Corporation, which is still an independent company.

Other companies succumbed to outside control. Jackson watched the stores along Jamestown's main street fall before the chains. It was a deeply disturbing sign of the times. Local firms were no longer considered good risks at local banks. What would this mean to the life of his town? How could there be any independence of mind in a community that had been forced to surrender its economic autonomy to outsiders? If this same thing was happening all over America, then what was the future of democracy? Questions such as these troubled the prosperous young lawyer.

Always there was a sense of his place in the community, an integral relationship that he valued. It worried him when furniture factories migrated to North Carolina for cheaper labor and cheaper resources. He was beginning to be more and more aware of the significance of these trends when the depression hit. After the crash in 1929, he directed the consolidation of Jamestown's three banks, and was made a director of the new institution.

IV

It was not that he had taken the troubles of the world on his shoulders. His own life was full and rich. After getting a start in the law at Jamestown, he had married Irene Gerhardt of Albany, and they had a son and a daughter. Jackson bought a farm lying along nearby Lake Chautauqua, and here, with growing prosperity, he went in for trotting horses. A love of the out-of-doors has been one of the sustaining forces in his life. Under stress and strain he has managed to get away for a swift ride of half an hour or so that has made it possible for him to return to the job with his mind clear and his spirit refreshed.

After the grueling term of court that ended in the spring of 1938, Jackson went out to San Francisco to make a brilliant speech before the convention of the American Bar Association (a speech the Association failed to print in the convention annals which contained every word of a bitter attack on the New Deal by Frank J. Hogan, Association President). Then with his daughter, Mary Margaret, Jackson went on a pack-horse trip in the Sawtooth Mountains in Montana. For two weeks the small party, conducted by the American Forestry Association, saw no other human beings. For Jackson it was the ideal vacation, and he returned to his desk in Washington completely restored. On the wall behind that desk, incidentally, is a photograph of the Attorney General with a thoroughbred, out of his own stables, that his daughter trained.

For all the intense burden of work that has been put on him in Washington, Jackson has

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found time for relaxation. One relaxation is ice skating. He and his gay and charming wife were at one time champion figure skaters on Lake Chautauqua. A skating rink does not provide quite the same opportunity, but the pair are to be found there at every opportunity. They also dance together as well as they skate, which is saying a great deal. Last year they took dancing lessons with a small group of friends to keep their technique up-to-date.

A temperate man, Jackson does not smoke but takes a drink, though rarely, with friends. There is about him a quality of buoyant health and well-being. He is moderate in everything but his capacity for work. When he is working on a tough brief or preparing an important speech he sometimes shuts himself away for two or three days.

Block prints by Susan Flint

V

FROM THE BEGINNING it was more or less inevitable that he should come into the New Deal. He was named counsel of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, and that marked the beginning of a postgraduate course in American economics. The principal lesson was the case of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue vs. Andrew W. Mellon.

As counsel for the Bureau, Jackson explored the infinite ramifications of the Mellon empire, preparatory to bringing a tax claim aggregating, with penalties and interest, more than three million dollars. Proconsuls and satraps within this empire knew particular provinces, but their knowledge stopped at the borders of their authority. Perhaps no one except Mellon himself and two or three of his intimate attorney-advisers ever before had such comprehensive knowledge of the amazing structure put together by the man who had a stake in virtually every field of industry and finance. Above all there was revealed by the Bureau the power of monopoly control over a vital commodity, aluminum.

For nearly eight weeks, first in Pittsburgh and then later in Washington, the hearing before the Board of Tax Appeals continued. Mellon was on the stand for several days. Under Jackson's good-natured but firm tutelage, he seemed almost to enjoy telling of his early struggles and later triumphs. It was a fascinating study in character to watch the two men — Mellon, sure of his own powers, outwardly a little bored and weary but slyly amused beneath this exterior; Jackson, tough and resilient, his good humor never failing him but determined to understand what this was all about.

Many phases of the case — and particularly the sale of the McClintick-Marshall Corporation to Bethlehem Steel — were so involved that it was almost impossible to translate them into terms understandable by an ordinary person. Step by step through this tangled thicket Jackson followed the growth of Mellon's millions. It is doubtful if any American fortune has been documented so thoroughly as was done in this case. Not only Mellon's financial life but much of his private history went into the volumes that contain more printed words than any encyclopedia.

As a climax to the story Jackson got from Mellon an account of the fabulous treasure of pictures he had put together at the end of his life — out of the Hermitage when the Soviets were hard pressed for foreign exchange, out of the castles of ruined aristocrats, by way of superagents. Many of these pictures were hanging in Mellon's Washington apartment; others were in the homes of his children; still others were in warehouses. But they had been presented several years before, through an elaborate legal formula, to the A. W. Mellon Educational and Charitable Foundation. Jackson challenged this whole formula as a fiction intended to enable Mellon to pass on the collection to his heirs free of duty. Immediately

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Mellon aides and attorneys came forward with rough drawings of a museum to be constructed in Washington. Still Jackson was doubtful. Impish New Dealers say that, when the Mellon collection and the museum that will house it are finally presented to the nation, Jackson should have the privilege of making the presentation speech.

The final vote of the Board of Tax Appeals was almost strictly on political lines, with one New Deal appointee going over to the Republican side to approve a decision reducing the tax liability to about $750,000. In a dissenting opinion, the minority paid high tribute to the case that Jackson had built up. Considering the enormous difficulties that such an action inevitably presents, this was not an unsatisfactory outcome.

Long before the Board of Tax Appeals got around to handing down its final decision, Jackson had been moved over to the Securities and Exchange Commission to prepare the government's vitally important Electric Bond & Share case to test the holding-company law of 1935. This was another exploration of the intricate ways of big business. Jackson's career thus far was an ideal preparation for his next advancement, to the Department of Justice to be an assistant attorney general in charge of the antitrust division.

He had decided ideas about antitrust procedure and he began at once to put them into effect. His predecessors had acted for the most part on complaints from business, and such complaints arose only when two firms were engaged in mortal combat. Jackson, from the first, based his policy not on what one corporation thought should happen to another corporation but on the interest of the public in the prosecution of monopoly. He started the case against Mellon's Aluminum Company of America, the case against the big oil companies, and the case against the motor finance firms.

The then Attorney General, Cummings, was inclined toward the antitrust school that holds it is the function of government to sanction those "virtuous" monopolies which are inevitable in any event. Powerful figures, including several of Washington's most successful politician-lawyers, were advocating such a policy. Jackson stoutly opposed any suggestion that monopoly be sanctioned, feeling this would mean merely a repetition of the major mistakes of the NRA. By this time he had won friendly recognition at the White House, and his word carried no little weight.

Although there were more and more demands on his time and energy, he gave personal supervision to the big antitrust suits and particularly to the oil case that was to be tried at Madison, Wisconsin. With a limited staff, he assigned several of his best men, younger men, to this fight on the oil behemoths and their apparent control of prices. What finally happened showed with remarkable clarity, as Jackson himself very well recognized, both the strengths and the weaknesses of the New Deal. Against a formidable array of counsel with unlimited resources, the young Department of Justice attorneys won a series of jury verdicts. Everything looked perfect for the government. But the federal judge who had presided, Patrick Stone, in ruling on points of law and passing sentence, in effect wiped out the entire victory.

Patrick Stone had been a small-town lawyer. His appointment had come about through political preferment under the patronage system of doling out federal judgeships which Cummings followed during his six years in the Department. Stone's action was a bitter disappointment to New Deal Washington but one which should not have been entirely unexpected.

VI

DETERMINED to curb the power of the Supreme Court, President Roosevelt accepted the plan hatched by his Attorney General without consulting any of his other legal advisers. Neither Jackson, although he had become a not unfamiliar figure at the White House, nor the then Solicitor General, Stanley Reed, knew a thing about the scheme until the morning the President sent it to Congress. They regarded it, subsequently, with something less than enthusiasm.

Jackson had long favored a frank, frontal attack on what he felt were unwarranted powers that the court had arrogated to itself. The unwieldy plan to enlarge the court, with its obvious subterfuges, was not to his liking. When he came to testify on the proposal, he spoke his mind, not disclaiming the Administration's measure but making it clear that he favored a more direct approach to the whole problem.

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Because of the very frankness of his attitude, the conservatives on the judiciary committee could find no loophole for attack, and he came off better than almost any other Administration witness.

Throughout the whole fight, Jackson spoke out of the tough realism that is so strong a characteristic in him. For conservatives who said that the proper course was to amend the Constitution, he had a straightforward answer: "Judges who resort to a tortured construction of the Constitution may torture an amendment. You cannot amend a state of mind."

It was in the unhappy year of the Supreme Court bill that Jackson's friends in the New Deal inner circle began to promote him for the governorship of New York. His background, his personality, his career, everything, they felt, made him a political force to be reckoned with. The New York governorship might well prove to be a step toward a larger goal. They organized a testimonial dinner for Jackson in New York City.

While he was willing to lend himself to this move, he remained skeptical of the efforts of these ardent political amateurs. Their plans, of necessity, left out Postmaster General Farley. The Democratic National Chairman dominated the Party machinery in his own State. He would not go along on any such move for Jackson, if only because he had his own ambitious plans. The dinner failed to draw certain important politicos, who stayed away because they knew that Farley was against it. Still Jackson's chances were not entirely blighted. If he had kept quiet and played the orthodox game something might have been worked out.

But this was the time he chose to make his famous speech before the American Academy of Political Science, reiterating the objectives of the New Deal and challenging business to offer workable substitutes for New Deal measures. A few days before, in a nationwide broadcast, he had made an even more vigorous attack on business critics who constantly raised the cry of lack of confidence in the government.

The government, he pointed out, had taken business at its word and had reduced government spending during the fiscal year 1936–37 by about $275,000,000 a month, on the assurance and expectation that business activity would take up the slack. And this, Jackson told his radio audience, was what happened:

> Monopoly prices and monopoly profits jumped beyond all reason and way above the price level that small business could get. Such articles as coke, cement, chemical products, processed meat products, and iron and steel rose in price above their 1929 price levels. These were in large part prices only big business could get, prices small business and consumers were forced to pay. When those big businesses demand "confidence" that they can continue to get such prices, their demand is that small business and buyers accept a life sentence to pay such prices.

The two speeches brought down a storm of criticism on Jackson's head. But they served, too, to stiffen the wavering New Deal line, which was precisely the effect he had hoped they would have. It was the reason why he stepped out in front at a time when the Administration gave every outward appearance of having come to a full stop. For the politicians who wanted to stop him in New York State, the opportunity was ready-made. This was the wild-eyed radical of the Administration, the Red.

Jackson has never given any sign that he regretted those two speeches. Keenly interested in the thousands of letters that came in response to his challenge, he made the discovery that they could be classified fairly accurately by the kind of stationery on which they were written. Those on tablet paper in lead pencil — and they were 90 per cent of the total — were all for the New Deal. Those on engraved stationery denounced the speaker in varying terms of rage and hate.

VII

Increasingly, Jackson exerted an influence on Administration policies. Largely on his initiative, the idea of a full-dress investigation of monopoly was accepted. He was very well aware, of course, that such an investigation would not turn up anything that was startlingly new. But he was aware, too, of the need, from the practical political point of view, for another demonstration of the effect of monopoly control.

As Assistant Attorney General and later as Solicitor General, Jackson was responsible for placing many keen younger men in the Department of Justice. At his instigation, Thurman Arnold was made head of the antitrust division.

More than any other New Dealer, perhaps,

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Jackson worked selflessly, subordinating his own ambitions. When vacancies occurred on the Supreme Court, he was usually "mentioned" as a possible nominee, but at least twice he worked tirelessly and enthusiastically for others.

After Senator Norris, he was the most ardent advocate of Professor Felix Frankfurter as a Supreme Court Justice. Norris and Jackson worked together for their man in mutual understanding and, it might be added, strong mutual admiration. The older man, veteran of a hundred Senate battles, early recognized the qualities that brought Jackson to the fore. Norris has said several times that his first choice for the Court was always Jackson. If for geographical or other reasons he could not have him, then he was prepared to take a second choice. When another vacancy on the Court arose with the retirement of Justice Brandeis, the Attorney General stopped all speculation by stating publicly that he was not a candidate for the Court. He threw his weight behind William O. Douglas.

Again, with the resignation of Cummings, Jackson put aside any personal ambitions he might have cherished and joined the inner New Deal circle in promoting Frank Murphy for Attorney General. It must have been a little startling to Jackson when Murphy announced, shortly after he took office, that he intended to appear personally in the Supreme Court in certain important cases. This is the prerogative of the Solicitor General, the Attorney General ordinarily being absorbed with administrative and policy-making tasks. Murphy, it is scarcely necessary to add, found his hands much too full to intervene in complex and difficult cases before the high court.

Perhaps Jackson's most conspicuous victory in the long string of triumphs he hung up last year was the decision of the majority upholding the soil-conservation act. The Court had ruled three years before that Congress did not have the right, under the "general welfare" clause, to regulate agricultural production. Boldly Jackson came before the Court to claim the right to regulate the distribution of agricultural produce under the "commerce" clause. And the court upheld him in an opinion by Justice Roberts which so enlarged the powers implicit in the commerce clause that today it is seemingly broad enough to cover almost any regulatory activity of the federal government.

With basic principles back of New Deal measures sustained by a series of momentous decisions, Jackson realized that the most important task was to stop the whittling away of authority through decisions on administrative procedure. He has been zealous in his efforts to stop the process of gradual attrition which may be almost as destructive as an outright ruling of unconstitutionality. In the Kansas City stockyards case, involving vital administrative authority, he appealed once to the Supreme Court, and was told to return to the District Court. The District Court refused to reopen the case and sent him back to the Supreme Court. Confronting the high tribunal a second time, he won the right of appeal and, finally, achieved a clear-cut victory for the Administration.

Last May, newspapers carried reports that Jackson might soon resign. The truth was that talk of "appeasement" and the quiescence and defeatism within the New Deal had made him feel that perhaps it was futile to stay on. He is not the kind of man to hang on to a job just because it is a job. If the show was over, he wanted to get off the stage before the curtain came down. But, as in 1937, he used all his influence in an effort to restore interest in New Deal objectives. He will stay in Washington as long as he feels he is useful. At forty-seven, he has an incurable belief in the processes of democracy. Those who have watched him in Washington believe that, if the present moment is against him, his star inevitably will rise in the future.

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The Dies Committee

A Debate

I—A Necessary Job, Badly Done

***by* RAYMOND CLAPPER**

SOME OF THE ACTIVITIES of the Dies committee, particularly in its earlier days, seemed to me deplorable and more likely to be harmful than beneficial in their net effect.

I see nothing to condone the conduct of the committee when it permitted itself, in the closing days of the 1938 election campaign, to be used as a sounding board for a "smearing" attack on Frank Murphy, then a candidate for re-election as Governor of Michigan. Time and again in other connections, the Dies committee sponsored disseminations of scandalous and malicious personalities parading as "testimony" by "witnesses." Chairman Dies himself has indulged in the loosest kind of talk about communism in Washington, has cheapened himself and his investigation time and again.

Yet, although feeling that way about the Dies committee, I am glad it has been continued, not because of Chairman Dies but in spite of him.

In favoring continuation of the Dies committee, I am not moved by any feeling whatever that communism or Fascism or other "un-American" activities constitute a threat to our institutions in this country. Never, I suspect, have the American people been so determined to cling to democracy. Never have they been so grateful for the freedom which we possess as now. Never have the foreign doctrines, the Fascist and communist ideas, patterns of behavior, and mechanics of government, been in such low esteem in the United States as now.

II

FOR TWO REASONS, I prefer to see the Dies committee continued.

The first reason is that propaganda activity does go on in this country. Little groups of communists and little groups of Nazis and Fascists, inspired often by paid foreign agents, are active in disseminating their ideas, in trying to penetrate into innocent organizations which may be used as unwitting mouthpieces, and occasionally in even more sinister obstructionist tactics. Sometimes the activities are harmful although not unlawful, and these should be dealt with not by prosecution, which would become mere persecution, but through exposure.

Such information is most appropriately obtained and disseminated through a Congressional investigating committee. Occasionally out of such investigations comes information leading to direct law violations which may be turned over to law-enforcement officers. And such an investigation serves the useful purpose of keeping the public advised of sinister, underground activities which, even if not illegal, deserve to be watched. Exposure is fatal to most of this activity, for it can operate only by deception, when its real purpose and inspiration are concealed.

The second reason which leads me to favor continuation of the Dies committee is somewhat more vague, but I think it is important.

In this country we have been nursed periodically on "red" scares. We remember the Palmer raids. Politicians have found "red baiting" an easy means of winning applause. Honest American attempts to improve the functioning of our own system of government have time and again been denounced as radical and un-American.

Chairman Dies himself has been talking about the communist influences in the Roosevelt Administration. A showdown came inside the Dies committee just before the Congress met, and some members of the committee demanded to see the list of communists which the committee investigators were hinting about. Not a single name could be produced!

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The Dies committee, with honest and straightforward investigation, could end much nonsense of this kind.

That brings me to a final point. To be sure, the Dies committee *could* end such nonsense — but *will* it? I have felt that often in the past it contributed to such baseless apprehension and encouraged fears by exaggerating communism's importance and extent in this country.

But on the Dies committee have been two men, Representative John J. Dempsey of New Mexico and Representative Jerry Voorhis of California, who lately have become more influential in the committee's work. Representative Dempsey is a regular Democrat, who, in spite of being an old personal friend of President Roosevelt, does not support the President unfailingly. He sponsored the Hatch bill in the House and was its coauthor. Representative Voorhis has been a more enthusiastic New Dealer and has been critical of much of the work of the Dies committee.

These two men have recently taken the leadership in the committee. Representative Dies lost control of his own committee, which refused to accept the report which he and his staff prepared. The committee members, under the leadership of Mr. Dempsey, composed a new report, based on the committee's factual findings. This report was a temperate, clear-headed survey of subversive activities in the United States today.

The Dies committee estimates that perhaps a million persons have been seriously affected by these foreign and un-American influences. That leaves, the committee pointed out, about 131,000,000 Americans, most of the labor movement, and most organizations generally, composed of loyal American citizens interested in nothing beyond seeing this country remain a free land in which opportunity is reasonably distributed.

In other words, the Dies committee has isolated the communist-Nazi centers of infection. It has shown us where they are. We know the location and extent of the infection. We know that it is neither large nor dangerous. We can and should keep it under observation. The best way to do that is through continuing some such investigation as that of the Dies committee. Then we can all stop looking under the bed for communists and go on more confidently about the business of making our democracy a little more like what it ought to be.

II—Opinion Not Subject to Inquiry

by FRANZ BOAS

THE FAILURE of the Dies committee to discover the activities of the "Christian Front," so glaringly brought to light by the arrest of the seventeen plotters, demonstrates that a committee whose prime attention is directed to the irrelevant investigation of opinions, rather than to the attempt to make an unbiased inquiry into acts of force and of the conditions that brought them about, cannot serve any useful purpose.

A fundamental principle of American democracy is the demand for absolute freedom of opinion; more than that, it guarantees also freedom of exchange of opinion. By thus protecting the civil liberties of every citizen and of those living under the jurisdiction of the United States, the Bill of Rights and the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution seek to establish the safety of our free institutions.

In a recent open letter, sixty-two prominent citizens said:

> We believe that the Bill of Rights must apply to the rights of all Americans — or that it will prove a cheat for all. We do not accept the dangerous proposition, now being broadcast from certain quarters, that civil rights can be withheld from this dissident minority or that, at the pleasure of those who have the power to do so.

As long as the right of free discussion and of free election of representatives is safeguarded, there is no justification for any group's appealing to force. If such an attempt should be made, the government is in a position to pro-

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tect the country by means of the powers vested in it. Dangers arise when the rights of free discussion and of the untrammeled election of representatives are curtailed, for the curtailment of civil liberties encourages the resort to force as the only possible remedy. From this point of view, suppression of a dissident minority is the best means of disturbing the peace of the country. On the other hand, the government has the duty to prevent the advocacy and the use of force as long as it fully protects civil liberties.

Under modern conditions the spread of the opinions of foreign governments can be halted no more than can the spread of opinions in our own country. However, the propaganda supported by foreign governments must be ruled by the same considerations that govern discussion here. Incitement to sabotage and the activities of spies can be met by the application of existing laws.

Bearing these points in mind, I hold that the Dies committee as organized by Congress does not perform a healthy function. A committee might have been appointed to inquire how far, under conditions of full civil liberty, organizations or individuals have advocated the use of force in order to reach their political ends. Even though the government has full powers to meet this problem, the wish of Congress to obtain additional information would have been justified.

However, the task of the Dies committee was so formulated that it left room for a most arbitrary definition of its objects. The House resolution, introduced by Representative Dies, assigned to his committee the task of:

> conducting an investigation of (1) the extent, character, and objects of un-American propaganda activities in the United States; (2) the diffusion within the United States of subversive and un-American propaganda that is instigated from foreign countries or of a domestic origin and attacks the principle of the form of government as guaranteed by our Constitution.

The use of the phrase "un-American propaganda," which is vague, undefined, and undefinable, left the committee free to follow its own bias and prejudice.

II

UNDER THESE INSTRUCTIONS the Dies committee has confined itself almost entirely to the collection of opinions, not evidence of acts. I hold that this activity, partly imposed by the form of the Congressional resolution, is fundamentally opposed to the spirit of our Constitution and to the democratic principle of free discussion. So far as I have been able to inform myself, the committee has confined itself to showing that individuals in certain organizations hold opinions characterized by the undefinable term, "un-American," which has changed as times have changed. I have not found any instance worth mentioning in which the attempt has been made to prove, on the basis of reports on the activities of these associations, that they advocated subversive actions while enjoying the protection of their civil liberties. On these grounds I opposed the continuance of the Dies committee, not on account of the universally recognized indefensible methods of its procedure but on principle.

It should be mentioned in this connection that the American press has not fulfilled its duties in connection with the Dies committee. The opposition of responsible groups of our citizens has not been reported in the news, while every voice in favor of the continuance of the committee has been faithfully recorded.

The formulation of the task of the committee, by Mr. Dies himself, has made the committee one of the most effective means of creating disturbances and bringing about disunion. I do not doubt that the timidity of many liberals, which becomes more and more manifest under the influence of the European war, is largely owing to the innumerable personal attacks of the Dies committee, with its arbitrary definition of what is American and what un-American. It is perhaps not possible to prove conclusively that the committee is agitating "subversively" for the entry of the United States into the war, but it is certain that the persecution of aliens, of whom Mr. Dies claims that he will drive seven millions out of the country (!), increases the war hysteria.

I repeat — my opposition is not by any means based primarily on the committee's deplorable and inefficient methods, which have been amply exposed. It is rather founded on my opinion that the appointment of a committee for the purpose of investigating propaganda — that is, free discussion — is undemocratic and (if you will permit) un-American.

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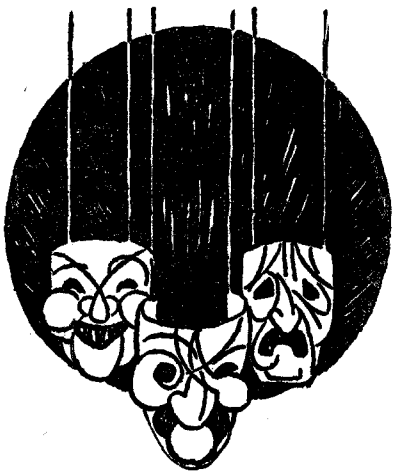
The Theatre

Broadway Remains Composed



by **LETA CLEWS CROMWELL**

MIDWINTER — and the theatre in irons. Plays appear one night, like snow flowers, and the next morning are gone. At the same time, there's a much acclaimed revival, the second Playwrights' Company production, and a new hit.

The gallant Irish players who went down with Paul Vincent Carroll's *Kindred* came up in less than a month with a revival of Sean O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock*, seen in New York last in 1935. Written for the Abbey Theatre eighteen years ago, it's still a winner, according to the critics. In fact, it is "one of the richest tragi-comedies" in the modern theatre (*vide* George Jean Nathan!). In the eyes of Mr. Richard Watts, it "possesses true greatness"; for Mr. Brooks Atkinson, it is "golden age enough for one New York winter." And Mr. Robert Benchley envies us our first acquaintance.

Encountering Juno in this present "superlative" production, this writer has nothing to say, since Sara Allgood, Barry Fitzgerald, and Arthur Shields excel in speaking Dublin slum dialect and are totally incomprehensible. They might have been conversing in Gaelic as far as this column is concerned and have left the writer feeling unqualified, though very much tempted, to pat a masterpiece on the head.

Clearer than the call of a tugboat is Elmer Rice's latest play, *Two on an Island*. The author of *Street Scene* has procured a pair of rose-colored glasses and taken another look at New York. As the panorama unfolds before him, from the Metropolitan Museum to the Battery, he tenderly composes an ode. It's a great city, he reckons, cruel sometimes but exciting and wonderful.

Mr. Rice's originality consists in the fact that boy doesn't meet girl until the ninth scene — in the head of the Statue of Liberty. Foreigners from New England and Iowa, they've had a tough time living by odd jobs in the Great City, waiting for the Big Theatrical Opportunity. He's down to his last nickel, and she to her virtue. Thanks, no doubt, to the long arm of Cupid, they had met all unknowing no less than five times before: at the Museum, in a studio, on the street, in a producer's office, and in a coffee shop.

A number of stock characters shuffle in and out of the swirling metropolis: the thinking taxi driver, the kindly prostitute, the collegiate radical, the old lady who dies in the Museum, etc. Mr. Mielziner's New York in ten scenes is enormously effective, without ever overshadowing the characters.

If it were a first play, *Two on an Island*

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would seem full of promise. It has several delightful and perceptive parts, notably the sightseeing tour of New York, with the guide's monologue and his "New York, ladies and gentlemen, has the *cream* of the slums!"

Mr. Rice's slant on theatrical producers is not exactly novel, but he has given Luther Adler one of those cynical, sensuous, mordant roles — which Mr. Adler plays to the limit, with incomparable style and humor. No character is ever quite so appealing as a loquacious cynic, and there is no character with whom one identifies oneself so happily. Mr. Adler's vitality lifts the play off the ground, where it is very apt to be lying when he isn't on the stage, in spite of the many fine "bit" performances. It isn't that Betty Field (of *Boy Meets Girl*, *Brother Rat*, *What a Life*) isn't a lovely heroine; in fact she suggests nothing so much as sunshine and Angora wool. Her quiet, shy manner, however, needs a foil, and young John Craven, son of Tom, isn't by way of being a firebrand, although he manages to be likeable in a painfully straight part.

Before leaving these newlyweds on their island, there is one question this column would like to ask: After protecting your heroine for nine scenes, couldn't you, Mr. Rice, have advised her against housekeeping, until after the visit to City Hall?

Left alone with the human race, James Thurber has punched its nose freely — in *The Last Flower* with considerable bitterness; while his famous drawings of placid dogs and frantic humans are a monument to man's general stupidity. And man (speaking now in the particular) has also been flattened on occasion with the devastating satire of Mr. Thurber's fine, strong prose; a number of folk can still be found, if still wanted, pressed between the pages of *Let Your Mind Alone*.

In company with Elliott Nugent, however, Mr. Thurber has devised a mild little comedy, *The Male Animal*, not nearly so fierce as the title suggests. His characters are not too bright, perhaps, but they do work things out in the end. Football, the eternal triangle, and Bartolomeo Vanzetti tangle on a college campus, when the trustees learn through a college-paper editorial that a young professor intends reading an example of Vanzetti's prose to his English class. Simultaneously, a former football hero and onetime beau of the professor's wife returns to college for the Big Game.

Mr. Thurber and Mr. Nugent have a bright first act that leaves one filled with laughter and anticipation; after that, *The Male Animal* gets out of hand and roisters off to the land of farce. Dishes crash; women bawl; men knock each other down. The who-loves-whom-and-why conversation goes round and round on a treadmill. A well-known psychologist who saw the play remarked with pleasure on the rehashing of the situations; but a woman rushing hysterically upstairs twice in one play is surely nothing but anticlimax.

The already famous drinking scene is a respite of real comedy, and it allows Mr. Thurber to point out once more just how smart the animals are. Other sprigs of Thurber humor garnish the play. "I *never* do things subconsciously!" shouts the football player, quashing his alter ego once and for all. But the lines are far from achieving hilarity throughout.

Former classmates at Ohio State University, the authors do nicely by their intellectuals, making a fellow who is both sad and comic out of the bewildered Professor Turner, portrayed by perfection by Mr. Nugent himself. And the old dean of the imaginary college is especially memorable. He has imparted ideas for forty-two years, he says, without noticing any appreciable results. Constantly troubled by some storm or other in the college teacup, he goes his teacher's way, hoping above all else that he won't have to come to any decisions. He and the young radical editor might belong to any campus.

In dealing with brawn rather than brain, however, the Messrs. Thurber and Nugent are less convincing and receive no help from Leon Ames, who flounders heavily in the part of the ex-footballer menace. Mr. Thurber's female animals have no brains and scant breath of life, which fact, one trusts, is an oversight. Ruth Matteson's Ellen Turner is a study in bad slap-stick and self-conscious charm.

The direction, incidentally, grew weaker as the evening wore on and finally stopped altogether. The methodical madness of the George Abbott type of direction would have served the authors well.

Beside the hoary matter of academic freedom, it's hard to see just what Mr. Thurber had in mind in this play.

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The Artist's Point of View

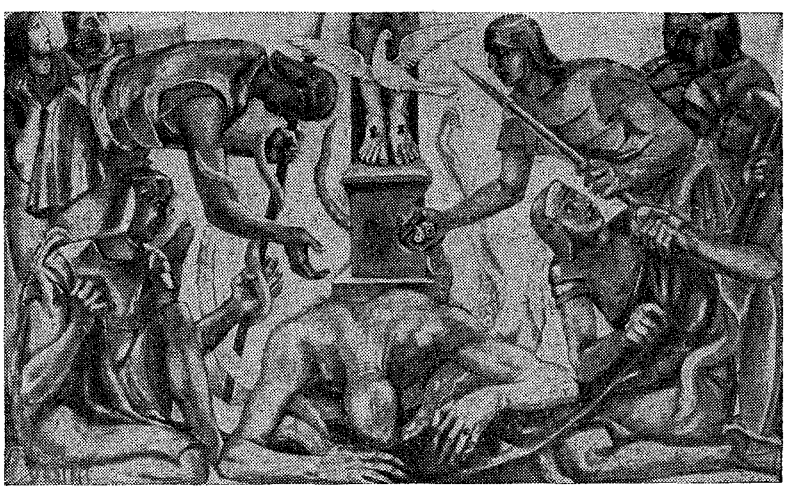
Two Extremes in Mural Art: Mitchell Siporin, Maurice Sterne

Courtesy of the Downtown Gallery

Veterans' Hospital, by MITCHELL SIPORIN.

An ink drawing, from his recent exhibition at the Downtown Gallery, which indicates his powerful characterization, his original style, and his strong sense for functional design.

Young, alert, and keen-thinking, Siporin is oppressed by the tragedies of war, strikes, refugees. He expresses these tragedies as one who identifies himself with them — always with a fresh vision and an interpretation which roots healthily in the character of specific subject. Never does he fall into the easy cliché, the average, characterless symbol.



The Struggle for Justice, "Greed," by MAURICE STERNE.

This is romantic art typical of the decadence of the nineteenth century at its worst. It is allegorical symbolism expressed in conventional stereotypes of both subject and design. It is remote from life and reality — a fairy tale for adults. It is moralistic, idyllic, uplifting. And, since ordinary humans refuse to be uplifted by such pretentious preaching, it becomes pretentious sham.

HERE ARE ILLUSTRATED typical works by two artists who have recently received government mural commissions. Mitchell Siporin, in collaboration with Edward Millman, has won the open national competition for $29,000 to paint seventeen fresco murals for the new post office in St. Louis, Missouri, the award having been made by the Section of Fine Arts of the Federal Works Agency. Maurice Sterne has just finished twenty murals (one of which is shown above) for the Department of Justice Building at Washington, commissioned four years ago by the Section of Fine Arts of the U. S. Treasury, now absorbed by the Federal Works Agency. That two important government murals should be at such opposite poles — realism and romanticism — is a matter of profound concern, the values involved being what they are. Awards were democratic in each case, a jury of artists making the decisions, so responsibility or blame cannot be concentrated; they have a wide base.

The issue is concrete. Which school do we want to decorate our public buildings — the school of romantic escape, with its stereotyped concept and design, or the school based on the realities of human experience and on fresh visioned, functional design? I pose the important question; there is no space to argue it here.

RALPH M. PEARSON

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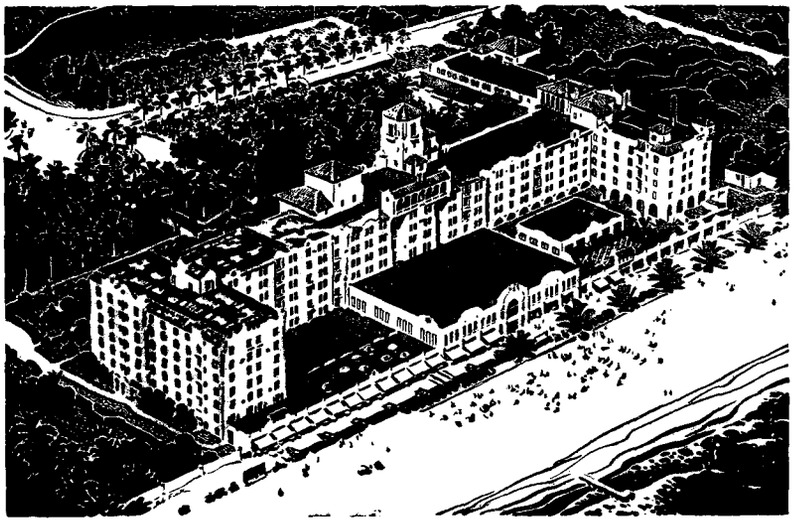

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New Life in Old VIRGINIA

by **STUART WHITE**

VIRGINIA hospitality, famous almost from the beginning of our nation at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607, is being extended these days to new and larger fields of interest. As important as are the Old Dominion's historic possessions, the Commonwealth is becoming widely known also for her mountain and seashore playgrounds, parks, and resorts. One may now vacation in Virginia at seashore resorts amongst pleasant company or go far from gay boardwalk life to mountainous areas where only the birds, animals, and occasionally the wind break the natural silence.

Chief among the recreational attractions of Virginia is the Shenandoah National Park in the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains. Opened just a few years ago, this new national playground is not as expansive as some of the larger national parks of the West, yet from the standpoint of patronage it has been the most popular of all, from the time it was first opened. Each year now, it is averaging about a million visitors, though the area is so large that at no time and at no place is it ever crowded.

The Shenandoah's principal bid to fame is the Skyline Drive, a broad, smooth, and safe mountaintop boulevard which runs along the crest of the mountains from Front Royal on the north to a point near Waynesboro on the south, a distance of slightly over one hundred miles. Located at strategic points along the Drive are a number of parking "overlooks" where one may stop for long, gorgeous views of the hills, hollows, mountains, and valleys. Atop the mountains are picnic areas, complete with tables, pure drinking water, and sanitary facilities, adding to the pleasure of picnicking in the Shenandoah — though a concessionaire provides modern facilities for dining and lodging for those who, preferring these accommodations, plan to stay a day or a season. Recreational motoring, therefore, is to be enjoyed to the fullest in this choice section of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

The horseback rider and hiker will find the Shenandoah a paradise. Miles of foot and horse trails radiate through many sections of the park, leading in some instances to mountaintops and in others to valleys and hollows, where waterfalls and canyons paint new and thrilling pictures to the traveler. At Big Meadows is one of the best equipped camping areas in the

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Virginia

East for tent dwellers and trailerites. Nature lovers will find a host of unusual flowers, shrubs, birds, and animals in this unspoiled land. When the cares of the day are over, dancing and other indoor sports are available at Skyland, the mountaintop resort on the Drive.

II

To those who prefer a seashore vacation in Virginia — and there are literally thousands each year, coming from practically every State in the nation — the Virginia seashore serves the most versatile of moods and gives one a choice of many sports in the tonic salt air: surf bathing and swimming in the Atlantic Ocean or Chesapeake Bay; golf on tempting fairways; dancing; riding; hiking along picturesque trails; tennis on fast clay courts; archery in natural galleries; deep-sea, surf, and fresh-water fishing; yachting and hydroplaning on sky-blue-mirror water; and duck shooting in season.

Virginia Beach is eighteen miles east of Norfolk, directly on the Atlantic Ocean, and is one of the most notable of the seashore resorts of the East. The lure of the sea naturally makes water sports the most popular of the recreational activities at this famous beach. A moderate temperature, with a summer average of about 75 degrees, lends zest to the pleasure of bathing and swimming. Beach clubs, providing dancing beside the ocean, *cabañas*, and parties add to the gay life at this resort.

Aquaplaning is growing in popularity at Virginia Beach, and surfboard riding is another sport for those seeking a new thrill. Sailboating on nearby inland lakes is popular, too.

Golf is an outstanding attraction here, and is played the year around, two courses being open. Horseback riding and hiking are diversions in which interest never lags. Miles of bridle paths through woods and over sand dunes, along inland waters or within sight of the ocean, beckon to those who enjoy horseback riding. Spirited hunters of thoroughbred strain are available for the horseman; and for the novice there are mounts requiring only a snaffle rein to guide them.

Virginia Beach, too, offers exceptional facilities to fishermen. Those who fancy surf casting or who are partial to angling for deep-sea game fish will find their liveliest hopes gratified. Others, inclined to fresh-water fishing, will discover plenty of opportunities in the numerous nearby inland lakes.

The beach at Ocean View, which fronts on Chesapeake Bay, is of hard, smooth, clean sand, shelving gently into the bay. The average temperature in the summer is about 70 degrees — ideal for bathing and swimming.

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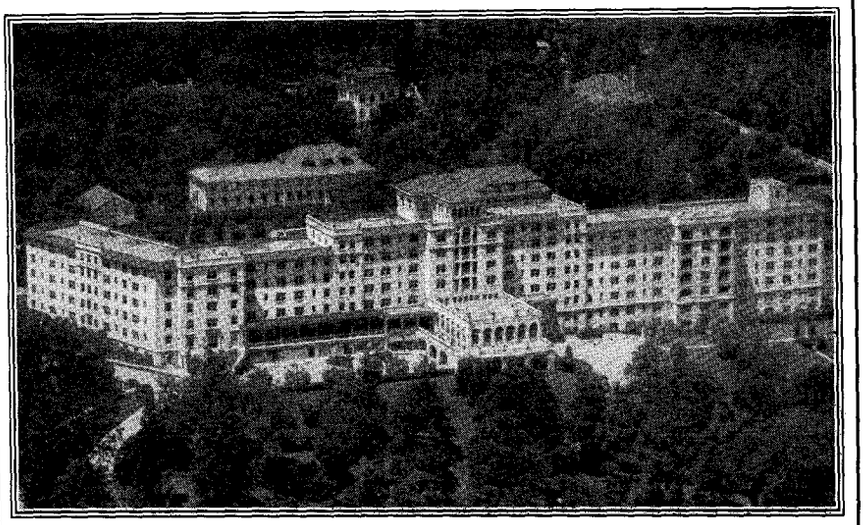

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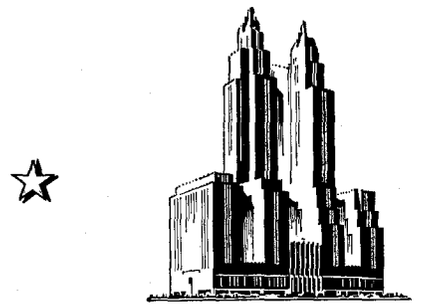

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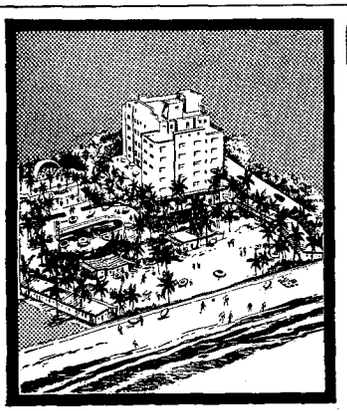

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Virginia

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III

SUPPLEMENTING Shenandoah National Park and the seashore resorts are other recreational opportunities in Virginia which are gaining in popularity. Virginia has six State parks, located in various sections of the State, where bathing, swimming, fishing, boating, hiking, horseback riding, and other outdoor sports may be indulged in. There are three mountain parks, another one along the Potomac River, and still another along the Chesapeake Bay, near Virginia Beach, with seaside atmosphere and facilities. One is in the rolling Piedmont area between the mountains and the sea. Each park has cabins, fully equipped and furnished, which may be rented for a minimum period of one week and for a maximum period of two weeks. There are guest lodges in two parks for overnight or week-end visitors. Moderate accommodations for tenters and trailerites are in each park, and each has complete facilities for picnics.

For those who enjoy the wilds of mountainous areas, who like to "rough it" close to nature, Virginia has developed in more recent years two national forests, the George Washington and the Thomas Jefferson. Millions of acres are included in these areas, which are operated by the United States Forest Service. Mountain lakes and streams make bathing, swimming, and fishing a joy, while miles of foot and bridle trails, as well as hard dirt roads, lure the traveler to places of unique scenic beauty. Hunting in season is becoming more and more popular each year in the national forests.

Added to these recreational assets in the Old Dominion are a number of wayside sites, located along the main highways. These areas, small in size, might be termed "resting places," where motorists may stop for a picnic lunch or just to stretch a bit. Each site has pure drinking water, sanitary facilities, picnic tables.

Unique among the new recreational areas in the Commonwealth are the developments at Yorktown, most widely noted as the scene of Cornwallis' surrender in the American Revolution. The beach at Yorktown, which fronts on the blue York River, is ideal for bathing and swimming, while the fishing is also good. A golf course has been developed among the restored fortifications, occupied originally by Revolutionary soldiers.

Whether one desires mountain or seashore sports, in parks or forests, Virginia has them.

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